Walton

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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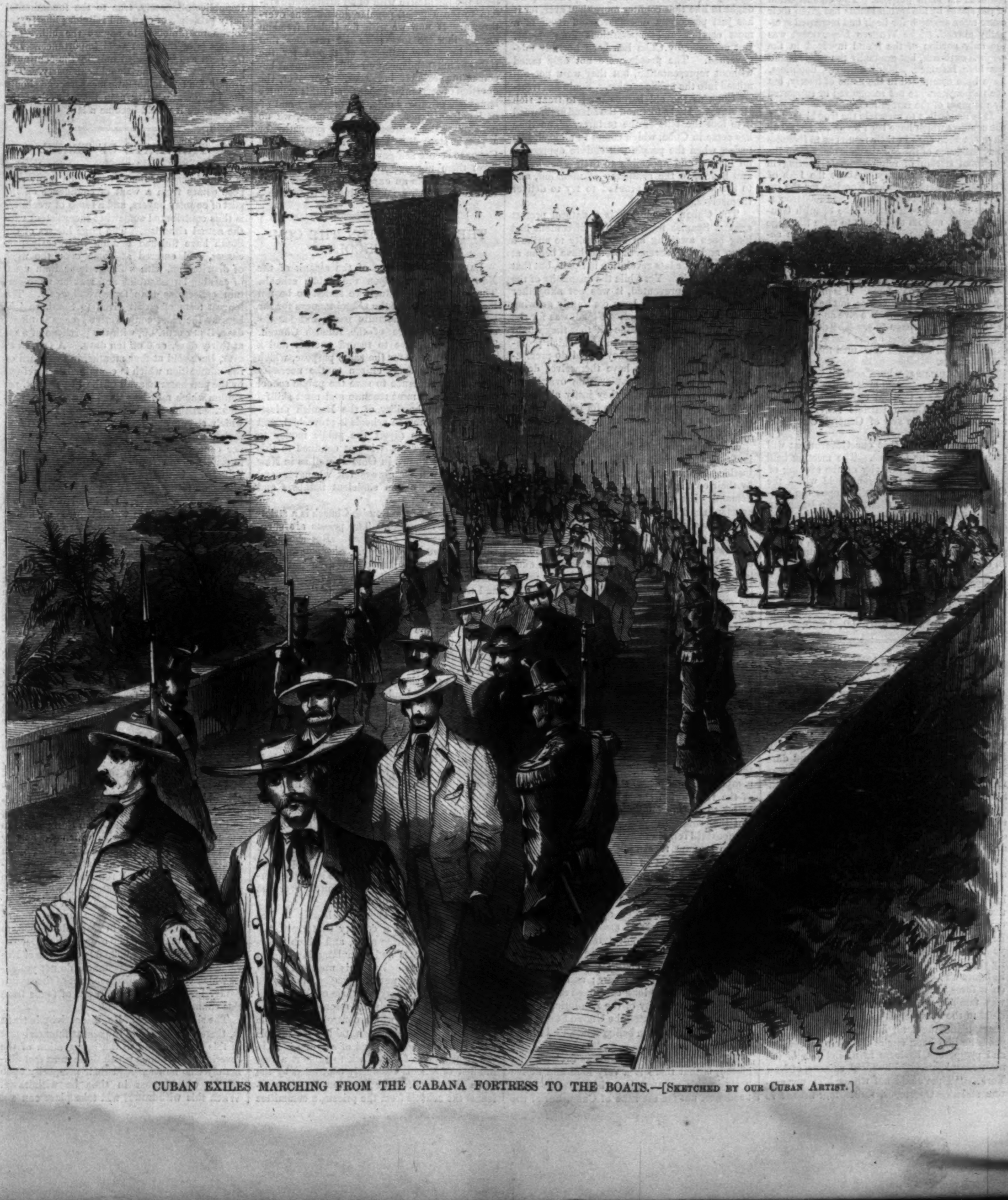
THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

THE determined efforts made by the Cubans to conquer their independence by the expulsion of the Spanish army and of the Spanish Governorship have from the first engaged the sympathies of the American people. There is the same justice in the Cuban revolt against Spain that there was in our own revolution of 1776. A colonial dependency has been held in subjection by the mother country, and governed in the interests of the latter rather than in its own. It is true, indeed, that the Spanish Government has tried a conciliatory policy since the revolt broke out. Captain-General LERSUNDI's *régime* was too Bourbon-like to suit those who had just overthrown the rule of ISABELLA II. DULCE, therefore, took LERSUNDI's place and tried to suppress the revolt by an offer of amnesty. To this the Cubans justly replied that they asked not for mercy but for independence. Their continuance of the rebellion soon caused the parent Government to return to the severer policy which has been carried out for the past few weeks. The offer of amnesty was withdrawn, an order was issued that no prisoners should be taken, but all should be shot; and within the present month between 300 and 400 political prisoners have



CUBAN EXILES MARCHING FROM THE CABANA FORTRESS TO THE BOATS.—[SKETCHED BY OUR CUBAN ARTIST.]

been sent to the penal station at Fernando Po for no other crime than their devotion to the cause of their country.

The island of Fernando Po is situated on the western coast of Africa in the Bight of Biafra, at the extreme end of the Gulf of Guinea. It was discovered by the Portuguese in 1471, and by them ceded to Spain in 1778. The island is 3° 25′ north of the equator, and is from 40 to 50 miles long, and from 20 to 30 miles wide. It is one of the most picturesque islands that adorn the sea; it is covered with rank vegetation and with immense forests that reach down to the shore. No large animals are to be found; but birds abound, snakes and lizards are to be found in great numbers, and scorpions and centipedes are not uncommon. The island is inhabited by a very peculiar people called Boobees, about as primitive in their habits as any savages on the globe. A penal station was established here about ten years ago. The convicts are employed to make roads, cut trees, work hard in the hot sun, and of course the climate makes short work of them. The malaria causes fever, and many die of it. The rains are heavy and continuous, the heat is very great, dysentery and liver-complaints are also common, and the negroes will be the only people who will be able to live on the island for a long time to come. The great number of graves testify to the great mortality among the whites, and the transportation of these political prisoners to Fernando Po is an outrage against humanity and a disgrace to civilization.

The revolution has already accomplished important results, though it has by no means achieved its main purpose. The emancipation of the slaves by the revolutionists has given their cause more strength for itself and increased sympathy abroad. The Western Department was the only portion of the island involved in the original outbreak, but gradually the whole island has been inflamed. Many outrages, doubtless, have been committed in the name of liberty, but the perpetrators are not recognized or supported by the mass of the revolutionists.

It is impossible to ascertain the true history of the conflicts which have been fought. That they have not been such in their results as to increase the confidence of the Spaniards is clear from the continual stream of reinforcements pouring in from the mother country. About the 18th of February an expedition left Nuevitas for the interior, consisting of four steamers and 3600 troops. It was under the command of the Spanish General Lesca, and its object was to raise the siege of Puerto Principe. Its purpose has been accomplished, but, apparently, at great cost of life. Lesca's march through the mountains was continually harassed by the insurgents. A severe battle took place in the Sierra Cubitas, in which Lesca met Quesada's force. It is probable that Lesca suffered the greater loss, but he succeeded in continuing his march. We give an illustration of this conflict on page 233. The defile of the Pardones was the scene of the battle. The insurgents claim that with 1000 men they repulsed the Spaniards.

Señor Aguilera, whose portrait we give on page 232, is the principal civil leader of the revolutionists, under General Cespedes. In our picture of the Cuban patriots rallying round their flag, it is the son of General Cespedes who is kneeling.

It seems probable that our Government will soon recognize the Cubans. The meeting held at Steinway Hall in this city on the evening of March 25 indicates the strong hold which the Cuban cause has already gained upon the sympathies of our people. Henry Ward Beecher made a very effective speech, and Mr. Paul Du Chaillu, to whom we are indebted for many of the facts presented in this connection, gave a graphic description of Fernando Po, and made an eloquent plea for Cuban independence.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 10, 1869.

JAMES HARPER.

JAMES HARPER, the senior partner of the publishing house of Harper & Brothers, died on Saturday evening, March 27, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. On the previous Thursday he was driving with his daughter, when the horses were startled by the sudden breaking of the pole of the carriage, and during the vain endeavor to control them, he was thrown, with his daughter, to the pavement. She, fortunately, was little injured; but her father was taken up unconscious and carried to St. Luke's Hospital, where he lay for two days, most tenderly cared for by his family and the hospital surgeons; and, although apparently suffering, he did not recover his consciousness before his death.

On the Monday before, the writer of these lines said to him, as Mr. Harper, in his active round through the work-rooms, paused to comment with humorous shrewdness upon public affairs: "Why, Mr. Mayor, you are the youngest man in the buildings." For his bodily vigor and alertness were remarkable. Erect in figure and elastic in movement, with a muscular force which was proverbial, his kind face was familiar to every man and woman and child in the employ of the house; and his kind heart made them all his friends. For fifty years he had been one of the most industrious and prosperous business men, and one of the most conspicuous and honored citizens, of New York. "Time could not wither him, nor custom stale." Courteous, forbearing, urbane in manner; of a remarkable sagacity; of a lofty integrity; of a wide acquaintance with men and affairs; and of a diligence which nothing relaxed, he lived his honorable and unostentatious life; and with every faculty undimmed, with the cheering impression of his whole being unabated, he passed suddenly and forever from human sight.

Only two hours before he drove out on Thursday Mr. Harper had sat to Mr. Rockwood for his photograph, and the result was a striking likeness, which will appear in our issue of next week. For we like to believe that the friends, known and unknown, all over the land, to whom now for many years *Harper's Weekly* has been so constant a visitor, will feel a little kindly interest in one whose name has necessarily become familiar to them, and whose career is so full of encouragement to every honest and diligent young American.

CUBA.

There are two Cuban parties in this country. One wishes that Cuba may get its liberty; the other that we may get Cuban sugar. One is the party of Cuban independence; the other of Cuban annexation. Now an expression of sympathy with a people manfully struggling to throw off a foreign and oppressive yoke is instinctive with every generous man. This country is not hostile to Spain. Indeed, we ought to like that country more than ever, for it has just peacefully disembarrassed itself of a most corrupt and superstitious government. But undoubtedly Cuba has been horribly misgoverned. The people were not only taxed without representation, but they were not admitted into the public service. Spain has treated Cuba as the old barons used to treat rich Hebrews. It has tortured the island and forced it to foot the bills of the torturer. The time has come in Cuba, which comes in all such histories, when the people will endure oppression no longer, and appealing to their stout hands and hearts, to the sympathy of mankind, and to the favor of God, proceed to try to deliver themselves.

The Cuban revolution is a natural protest against Spanish misrule. The discontent had long been awaiting an opportunity to strike a blow, and the movement would have begun at the time of the late revolution in Spain, but that disconcerted it. Yet while the unanimity of the uprising was prevented, it was not altogether repressed, and it has been constantly growing in extent and importance. Now it was for the Cubans alone to determine whether they would try the new Spanish Government which promised reform, or whether they would do precisely what the Spaniards have themselves done. And if we praise the Spaniards for overthrowing a Government which they justly abhorred, we can not blame the Cubans for insisting upon the same right to establish a government satisfactory to themselves.

But, of course, the Cubans, like the Spaniards, like our fathers, like all men who are justified in revolting, must maintain themselves by their own force. The welfare of the world demands that no forcible overthrow of a government shall be attempted without a fair prospect of success; for if the mere raising of a standard of revolt by an oppressed people should be enough to secure the official recognition of other and powerful nations there would be endless war, to the unspeakable injury of the progress of Liberty. When, however, the character and duration of the contest show that the movement is not a riot but a revolution, and especially where it is the struggle of a population to escape a foreign domination, recognition at the proper moment is a measure of peace and civilization. Every nation, in view of all risks, of the general welfare, and of its own interests, must decide for itself when and how the recognition of belligerency shall be made, and when independence shall be acknowledged.

This is what Spain and Holland and France did in our own revolution. This is what England did during our late rebellion and during the revolt of Spanish America in 1823. We complained, and justly, that the circumstances of the recognition showed the conduct of England to be unfriendly during our late war. But that country took the risk, and the consequences still remain to be seen. It is, however, idle to attempt to establish any similarity between the attempt of the Southern rebels to overthrow the government of their country—against which they did not even prefer one charge of oppression, and merely for the purpose of perpetuating their oppression of others—and the Cuban revolt against the most acknowledged and flagrant tyranny. The attempt to establish independence and self-government is one that claims the sympathy of lovers of liberty every where; and when the attempt has been so long continued and so successful that the ability of the revolutionists has been fairly demonstrated the United States may fairly recognize Cuban belligerency, and at last Cuban independence.

But the misfortune of Cuba, as we have suggested, is that there is a very loud and active party in this country that wishes Cuban independence, not for the sake of Cuba, but of the United States. This party does not very sincerely believe in the capacity of the Cubans to maintain a government, but rather hopes that recognition by the United States will persuade Spain to desist from the effort to recover the island, and that then of necessity Cuba will fall into our hands. Is that a desirable result? Unquestionably not. Nations do not live by sugar alone. In the present situation of this country in regard to extent, harmony of population, immensity of debt, and public morality, to add a million and a half of Spanish creoles and African slaves, with all manner of ignorance and alien sympathy, to our population is a thing not to be desired. Cuba would be but the beginning. The rest of the West Indies and the shores of the Gulf would follow. That would not strengthen—it would infinitely weaken this nation. It would not hasten—it would retard Liberty.

In 1823, when England recognized the independence of Spanish America, it was not from sympathy with those colonies nor from regard to any principle. It was merely a stroke in European politics. It was a blow at France and the Holy Alliance. It was to revenge a supposed wrong of England. It was, in Canning's words, "to redress the balance of power disturbed in the East by calling into existence a new world in the West." The conduct of England during our rebellion sprang from no sympathy with any people or principle, but from the instinctive wish of an aristocratic system to see a great, popular government overthrown. If now we wish for Cuban freedom merely that we may seize the revenues that Spain loses, our pretense of regard for the rights of independence and self-government becomes unspeakably ludicrous. Moreover, the question of territorial expansion in this country is not one of money only, but of liberty and of national existence. While, therefore, we do not grudge the expression of our sympathy for a people struggling bravely, as in Crete and Cuba, to secure self-government, let us not deceive them nor ourselves with falsehood, nor betray them into an expectation of that "material aid" which we do not intend to furnish.

THE ATTACK UPON THE COMMON SCHOOLS.

Last week we spoke of the assault of the New York "ring" upon the public schools. The object of the attack we stated to be not merely the control of the school moneys for the benefit of the Democratic party, but for the sectarian advantage of the Romish Church. This week we have to record another and a plainer movement for the same purpose, which should awaken every citizen to the necessity of constant vigilance to save the public school system from its most resolute and most skillful enemy. The hostility of the Romish priesthood to the common schools is proverbial, and their attempt to divert the public money to their sectarian schools is not confined to this State. It is known in Ohio as well as in New York, and will be always felt whenever and wherever they obtain sufficient numbers and power.

The system of the Romish Church is a strictly "paternal" system. The priests are shepherds; the people are sheep. But sheep are silly and want to go astray. Sheep unwatched will smell at walls; they will even put their noses over; they will even squeeze through and trot off into ampler and more flowery pastures—silly sheep! Sheep must therefore be strictly guarded by pastors or shepherds, who declare that the pastures beyond the wall are horrible traps and quagmires, and all the herbage growing in them deadly poison, and who keep dogs to persuade sheep who do not believe it. Upon this sheep theory, therefore, it is essential that the lambs of the Church be prevented from nosing and looking and longing beyond the prescribed limits. The Church seeks to make itself felt at every moment and in every occupation of the members. Father Hecker, with excellent humor, says that it is a slander to say that his Church does not allow liberty. Undoubtedly it does allow liberty—within the Church. It allows the liberty that sheep have under the eye of the shepherd and his dog. It allows liberty just as the Propaganda allows freedom of the press—that is, the freedom of publishing whatever the Propaganda approves. And the Propaganda approves nothing that does not tend to the supreme control of the Romish Mother Church over the mind and conscience of mankind.

Of course such a church is hostile to free common schools in a country that rigorously separates church from state, and which in every way illustrates and stimulates intellectual and moral liberty. But it is untiring for its own purposes and never dismayed, and so we have the extraordinary spectacle of the government in Austria, lately the strong-hold of the Romish priesthood, which controlled the whole system of public education, taking the schools out of priestly control, and of a proposition in the Legislature of New York to support a vast number of schools absolutely controlled by the same priesthood. The Austrian Emperor releases the schools from the priests, a committee of the New York Legislature reports a bill to subject them to the priests. Do New Yorkers propose to submit?

This extraordinary bill is reported to have been drawn by the priests, and was introduced in the Legislature by Mr. Tweed, a member of the Committee upon Charitable and Religious Societies. It provides that

> "Whenever there shall be or has been established and maintained in any city of this State, any free school or schools, in which not less than 200 children have been or are taught and educated gratuitously, it shall be the duty of such city, or of the Board of Supervisors of the county of which such city is a whole or a part, to make provisions from year to year for the expenses of such school or schools."

With the passage of such a bill the priesthood would instantly issue peremptory orders that no child of the Romish persuasion should, under any circumstances, be sent to the common schools, but should be forced to attend the priests' schools. Every other sect in the State might do the same, and the contest that would follow could very easily end in the abolition of the whole school system.

It is one of the most subtle and deadly blows ever aimed at the independence of church and state in this country. Mr. Palmer, the chairman of the Committee, who was absent when the bill was reported favorably, dissented from the report. Mr. Folger objected to its being considered in another committee, and the other Republican Senators, true to the fundamental party principle of civil and religious liberty, resolved unanimously to oppose the bill. The subject is of the most vital importance. But the peril can be avoided only by the continued predominance of the Republican party. The proposition is a Democratic measure, and should the Democratic party gain the control of the Legislature it would become a law.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

There are complaints among our leading jobbing houses of inactivity, which many suppose comes from a want of confidence on the part of country buyers, and a sense of weakness is thus contributed somewhat inconsistent with the actual situation. The large houses of the South have finished making their early purchases, and entered at home upon the work of distribution, with a firmer hope than usual of earning larger profits and making more certain collections than for several years. The longest term of credit given to Southern jobbers by the most conservative houses is ninety days, 3 per cent. off, with the privilege of 5 off at thirty days, or 6 off ten days. A few, however, have sold at four months, in disregard of the admonition which is contained in a refusal by the purchaser to avail of the 12 per cent. per annum which may be gained by an earlier payment. Although it is a confession of weakness, which strong and sagacious merchants never make, to neglect an early payment when 12 per cent. can be gained, and consequently an imprudence to sell to such customers, the trade will always be affected with both purchasers and sellers on terms of credit longer than the safest houses allow. It is an imprudence on both sides even in cases in which there is an honest intention to meet the obligation, as lengthened credits involve higher prices, and it is exceedingly difficult to foretell the changes of the money market under the peculiar circumstances which exist. Gold was rendered tight during the week ending the 27th by the sudden withdrawal from the Bank of New York by a Montreal bank of a million of specie, which was immediately followed by tightness also in currency.

It is not at all probable that Congress will authorize contraction at this session, and consequently the quantity of money will remain fixed, and prices so far as they are affected by that fact firm, but we are nevertheless exposed to a *partial* shock in financial affairs from other causes. We say *partial*, because one of a general character is wholly improbable as long as the debt paying medium remains undiminished. The difficulty to which the country is exposed and which must sooner or later come with considerable force, will be due to our excess of imports over exports, now easily managed owing to the large sale of our bonds in Europe, and to the more fatal facility with which we borrow upon them in this country and abroad in foreign capital, payable on loans at sixty days and constantly renewed. Their renewal will take place until such capital is wanted abroad, but although there are indications of an increase in the rate of interest in London, due to the excess of English imports in December, 1868, to the amount of £6,000,000 over those of December, 1867, and to £12,000,000 over those of November, 1868, the circumstances do not yet exist which call for the displacement of these temporary loans by the withdrawal of funds from this country.

The slow recovery of English activity in trade is, therefore, favorable to present financial ease in this country, and to the aggravation of the severity of the shock which those must feel ultimately who now suspend their prosperity upon credits which must in time be withdrawn. When this withdrawal will take place can not be known, as it may come from some scare easily imparted as well as from the necessity which a renewal of active trade abroad will occasion. All who wish to be sure will not only take care how they embark in new adventures, but will make themselves snug in their financial condition.

The reason why our market is not supplied with Western and Northern merchants is easily explained. The interior is covered with snow to such an unusual extent as to have blocked up the travel on railroads. The storm on Tuesday, March 23, gave in New Hampshire fourteen inches of snow on many tracks, in addition to what was piled breast-high from previous storms on each side of the tracks. Ice still impedes navigation on the Lakes and in Northern canals, and the indications are deemed conclusive that the spring will be late. This, together with the system of credits, keeps at home those who find that the face of nature is not suggestive of summer stocks. Merchants from the central portion of the Union are, however, at hand. Others give their orders in writing, on a system of living from hand to mouth.

The circumstances favorable to considerable activity during a more lengthened season than usual are that raw cotton maintains a full price, giving a large reward to Southern industry for last year's crop, larger indeed than the price of the manufacture from it justifies either here or in Manchester. The planting interest enjoys this advantage, and must be consumers to a corresponding extent. The price on the 26th for middling was, say, Upland Florida, 28¾; Mobile, 29; New Orleans, 29½; Texas, 29½. The price of cotton goods is adjusted at a lower basis for raw cotton, presenting an anomaly in the trade which must be corrected by a fall in cotton or an advance in cloths. But, in any event likely to occur, our Southern staple must be paid for abroad at rates which will continue to impart strength to the Southern country. Cotton goods were marked down from ½ to 1½ cent per yard on the 27th March, a concession due to the condition of the market. It would appear that their manufacture exceeds their consumption.

So far as concerns our Northern crops the situation is but little changed. Mr. H. Kains Jackson is again out in the London *Times*, assuring the English public that as to corn they may rely "on plenty and cheapness." His estimates are based on the returns made to the *Mark Lane Express*, in which only thirteen show crops of wheat under an average out of five hundred returns. The correspondent of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, writing from London on the 10th March, says:

> "The Government find it impossible to secure complete statistics of agricultural crops and live-stock in England, the owners and occupiers of land refusing to give the information required. The duty of collecting these statistics is harassing to the officers, and exposes them to much insult. The British farmer is always under the impression that he shall lose something by letting the world know what he is about with his land."

As these returns are voluntarily made on the request of the Board of Trade, it is probable that those retained are withholden because they could not be used to advance the powerful interest which the late drought occasioned. Every interest in England was affected by that visitation, and in no district are any admissions made which give a view of its extent. On the contrary, the press has been uniform in attempts to lower the price of grain, as it was needed in unusual quantities from foreign people. Even English farmers assisted in this policy, as they had produced only a six months' supply, and are themselves purchasers of all descriptions of food.

Mr. Jackson attributes the "checkmate" to enterprise in the corn trade very much to "a winter that in its mildness and the extent of its January and February supplies has disarranged the most moderate calculations."

All that can fairly be claimed for the unusually mild January and February is that animals have had superior means for feeding, making to that extent imported supplies unnecessary; but feeding in the winter must subject the pastures, which are to be mowed in July, to nearly a corresponding loss. Their trust now is in a spring conforming to the mildness of the winter, and an earlier facility than usual for obtaining all that remains of supplies of grain in the northern markets of Europe now locked up with ice. But the fewer arrivals of grain lately, as compared with 1867, begin to create anxiety, and prices have somewhat stiffened for No. 2 American red wheat, which is what they chiefly import from this country.

Our views as to the true policy of our farmers remain unchanged. English dealers in grain are carefully watching events which they aim to control by breaking down our markets for grain till they reach their limits—a policy which will be made secure if our productions are pressed to the sea-board. Inconvenience is suffered here from inadequate payments by Western merchants. So far as sales are necessary to meet obligations on the part of the farming interest to them, they should be made; but immediate slaughter in price can be avoided only by holding on to what grain may not be required to meet their accruing debts.

HANNAH TYLER'S LETTER.

We have no other knowledge of Hannah Tyler than a letter from the Treasury Department which she has recently published. If the statements of the letter are not true, it is one of the cruelest letters that could be written, and should cause her ignominious dismissal. If they are true, there should be a very searching reform in the organization of the clerkly work in the Treasury Department, and a very sincere vote of thanks to Hannah Tyler from all honest people.

She says in substance that very many of the women employed in the Department—of course before Mr. Boutwell came in—are ignorant, idle, and dissolute. She protests against "having the paramours and mistresses of members of Congress forced upon us;" and she calls upon Mr. Boutwell to appoint "moral and competent women." She states that the Departments are "filled with females—crowded, I may say"—who are utterly worthless, but of whom the Secretary can not rid himself because of "influence." She says that Postmaster-General Randall, during the last two weeks of his term of office, appointed thirty female clerks; "and for what reason Heaven only knows, since nearly one-fifth of those already employed had nothing to do—nay, not even a seat in the office." There were desks for fifty female clerks—the law provides for that number—but Mr. Randall was not content with less than one hundred and five.

Hannah Tyler's letter, if it tells the truth, is one of the most forcible practical arguments for a proper system of civil service by which the Departments might be defended against the presence of clerks who "have scarcely education enough to tell the day of the week by a counting-house calendar," and who "owe their appointment and continuance in office to their personal advantages." This last is an argument which is sometimes strenuously urged in favor of certain candidates of the stronger sex by our friend, the *Sun*, that shines for all at two cents a copy. But that adroit luminary has been sometimes suspected, upon such occasions, to be covering the object with a bland effulgence of ridicule.

Hannah Tyler frankly challenges denial. "This is no speculation upon my part. I know whereof I affirm." And some action must of course follow. The clerks themselves can not submit to such distinct charges if they are false. But, assuming them to be true, and that no proper civil service system will be established, what an inestimable advantage it would be, not only in the case of the Departments, but of all civil officers, if the names of those who procured their appointment were published! Then, when the incapable and dishonest cheated or were swindled, the tax-payers would know precisely who was responsible for the consequent increase of taxation.

Mr. GLADSTONE'S TRIUMPH.

Mr. Gladstone's administration begins not only successfully but well. After a brief debate, in which all the power and the eloquence were with him, he carried, by a great majority, the first passage of the measure of justice which was his war-cry during the election. His speech upon moving in Parliament the reading of the Irish bill was, like all great speeches, an event as well as an oration. One of the late historians of England, who is a member of Parliament, but who is unknown as an orator, speaks with some bitterness of the power of "talking" as an indispensable quality for an aspirant to the highest office in the realm, and Carlyle has never done with his gibes at "wind-bags" and talk.

But it is not only a coincidence, it is a necessity, that the great British Ministers should be great orators, and the speech of Mr. Gladstone illustrates the reason. Sir Robert Walpole was not an orator; but Lord Chatham and William Pitt and George Canning and Sir Robert Peel and Disraeli and Gladstone are among the great names of English oratory, while Lord Palmerston was an adroit and entertaining speaker. The duty of a Prime Minister, in the British system, is not only to conceive policies and mature details, but to present both in a manner which informs the people and unites a party. This is what Mr. Gladstone did in his late speech. The election was carried by a general desire that Ireland should have more fair play. But nothing is easier than to demand justice, and nothing more difficult than to complete the elaborate details of measures involving rights and privileges and generous feelings and dull prejudices so as to secure justice; and by a skillful and powerful statement compel the admiration of opponents, and excite that enthusiasm of friends which extinguishes little differences and combines the whole force of a great party to a great result.

Mr. Gladstone's was a speech of this kind; and it has not only secured the passage of the measure which, indeed, under some form, was already assured, but it has kindled the admiration of the liberals for their leader, and, by shedding lustre upon the administration of which he is the head, has created an *esprit de corps* among his associates in the cabinet which is a powerful auxiliary to success. Mr. Gladstone's speech not only gave his party conclusive reasons for their opinion, but in doing so it vindicated them to themselves. For the great orator is for the nonce a poet, and shows us what we think and feel, and gives us the reasons.

The speech was remarkable not only for its admirable ability, but for a certain moral elevation, blended with the highest courtesy of tone. There was one masterly stroke in which the orator showed his manly comprehension of the emergency. The real question with which he was dealing was of course not the Church in Ireland, but the harmony of the empire. The difficulty is the radical alienation of Irish feeling. The policy of a great statesman is the removal of that alienation by an evident spirit of the sincerest sympathy and justice. When, therefore, after carefully passing through details which he said must necessarily be tedious, the orator said that his scheme left a surplus of seven or eight millions of pounds to be disposed of, and the question was in what way to dispose of it, the House listened with renewed interest. Discussing the various methods suggested in the light of his declaration that the disposition should first of all be Irish and not religious, and should at once end controversy, he presently announced that the Government had decided to apply the surplus to the relief of unavoidable calamities and suffering not provided for by the Poor Law; and stated in detail the sums that would be allotted to Lunatic and Idiot and Deaf and Dumb and Blind asylums, for the training of nurses, reformatories, and county infirmaries.

Such a proposition shows how radically improved is the English feeling toward Ireland; and for the first time it may be felt that the Irish difficulty, however difficult, is not hopeless. Besides, in political progress one step makes another more practicable. The Irish Church question in itself is indeed comparatively unimportant, but it is valuable as an indication of temper and tendency. Much graver problems lie behind. "There remains," says a wise observer long resident in Ireland, "the frightful mass of pauperism in England, and the intolerable condition of the land laws in Ireland—indeed, I might add in England too, for the *legal* status of the farmer is nearly the same in both countries. These are things which must soon be dealt with, but which will not, I believe, be effectually dealt with but through the application of an order of ideas, such as English liberalism in its Parliamentary representation has not yet evolved." But Mr. Gladstone's administration, unless expectation is sadly mistaken, will greatly encourage the development of those ideas, and prepare England for the inevitable and rapid changes that await it.

NOTES.

Brevet Colonel Guy V. Henry, now at Fort Monroe, has ready a History of the Officers of the Regular Army who were appointed from the ranks, from civil life, and from the volunteers—a class known as citizen appointments as distinguished from West Point graduates. He is himself a West Pointer, but he feels that as the history of the graduates has just been published it is only fair that the services of a class not less devoted should be commemorated. The work is to be published by subscription at five dollars—application to be made to Colonel Henry. The propriety and value of such a record are evident.

The New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects propose to establish in New York a library of works on architecture and the cognate arts for the benefit of students, not of architecture only, but of those branches known as industrial designing. The excellent tendency of such an enterprise is obvious. The more our architects know, the better and more economical will our buildings be. The members of the Chapter have already begun a subscription, and those who are interested should apply to Alfred J. Bloor, Secretary, 42 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

A Convention of American Philologists will meet at Poughkeepsie on the 27th of next July, to consider some very practical questions, as, How much time in college should be given to the study of language? How much to modern languages? What is the best method of instruction in the classical languages? What position should be given to the study of the English language in colleges and high-schools? The call is signed by many of the most noted instructors and scholars in the country, and the meeting will undoubtedly be both interesting and serviceable.

LITERARY.

Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. have published a very neat little volume of twenty of the more famous medieval hymns, with translations by Mr. Erastus C. Benedict. The collection includes the Hymn of Hildebert, the *Dies iræ*, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Veni Creator*, and is an admirable specimen of the monkish rhyming Latin. In his pleasant preface the translator declares his preference for the quaint simplicity of the originals; and eschewing paraphrase, he has brought his renderings within the length of the Latin poems. They follow felicitously, also, the movement of the originals, and the double rhymes are managed with skill and success. The publisher has not forgotten his part in the appropriate black letter; and it is a very unique and interesting little volume.

Dr. Theodore S. Bell, Professor of the Science and Practice of Medicine in the University of Louisville, Kentucky, recently delivered a lecture in that city to the students and citizens, which has been published there by Bradley & Silbert. The subject chosen by Dr. Bell was the Pre-Historic Ages of Scandinavia and of the Lacustrine Dwellers of Switzerland, in connection with the progress of mankind under divine guidance; and in treating it he has accumulated a mass of material which is both curious and interesting, so that the discourse is a storehouse of striking facts. It is pleasant to see this indication of interest in studies usually considered so remote from the sympathy of our Western friends—studies evidently pursued in the case of Dr. Bell with enthusiasm and success.

The First Number of the new *Appleton's Journal*, a weekly paper of Science, Literature, and Art, has been published, and we give it a cordial welcome. The character of the eminent house from which it comes is the security that the promise of the prospectus will be fulfilled, and that it will be a valuable addition to the host of excellent periodicals. Especial attention will be given to the popular treatment of scientific subjects, while the tastes of the general reader will not be forgotten. *Appleton's Journal* is of convenient form and of handsome appearance.

"Two Thousand Miles on Horseback," by James F. Meline (New York: Hurd & Houghton), is an interesting narrative of a trip to Santa Fé and back. The author describes a summer tour through Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and New Mexico, in 1866. We can heartily commend it to our readers as a book full of incident and interesting information.

The Harpers publish "Pre-Historic Nations," by John D. Baldwin, which is a curious and excellent summary of the knowledge upon a subject which increases in scientific interest.

The latest novel of Anthony Trollope's, "Phineas Finn," is also issued by the Harpers, and is considered to be one of the best of this most popular author.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 22:

In the Senate, a bill was passed granting right of way to the Midland Pacific Railroad.—A bill was passed authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to erect a fire-proof building for the use of the Department.

In the House, bills were passed abolishing the position of Chief-of-Staff to the General of the Army, and to prevent the assignment of any retired officer to active service.

March 23:

In the Senate, Henry B. Anthony was formally elected President *pro tem.*—A bill was passed authorizing prepayment of the interest on the public debt.—The bill to repeal the Tenure-of-Office Act was referred to the Judiciary Committee.—The Judiciary bill was passed.

March 24:

In the Senate, a substitute for the bill to repeal the Tenure-of-Office Act was passed. It gives the President power to remove Cabinet and other civil officers during the session of the Senate without giving reasons, provided the Senate fill the vacancies; and, during the recess of the Senate, the President may suspend and appoint to office until the end of the next session. Within thirty days after the commencement of the session he shall report these suspensions to the Senate, and if that body shall by a direct affirmative vote refuse to concur, then the suspended officer shall be reinstated. If the matter be simply passed over, the officer shall not be reinstated.

March 26:

In the House, a motion was passed refusing concurrence in the Senate's substitute for the bill to repeal the Tenure-of-Office Act.

The President has appointed Moses H. Grinnell to be Collector, and Alonzo B. Cornell to be Surveyor of Customs for the port of New York; E. A. Merritt to be Naval Officer for the District of New York; and Edward B. Plumb to be Consul-General at Havana. These nominations have been confirmed by the Senate.

The carpenter, boatswain, and third mate of the ship *James Foster, Jun.*, have been brought up and charged by the Coroner's Jury with the murder of the deceased seamen on board that vessel.

Immense discoveries of gold placers are reported from Alaska. The mines are on the main land, 120 miles from Kodiak Island, in latitude 61 degrees north, and longitude 100 degrees west from Greenwich. Three several discoveries have been made; the first on Kuyack River and Chigmet Mountains; the second about sixty miles above Sitka; the third on an ocean island, the name of which is unknown. The mines, on account of the climate, can only be worked five months in the year.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Conscription law passed by the Spanish Cortes on the 23d of March prescribes that no more men shall be raised by conscription than are actually required to fill the ranks of the army to their standard strength. Twelve years is to be the Senatorial term under the new Constitution. Miramon, the Carlist leader in Andalusia, has been captured.

Captain-General Dulce has issued a proclamation wherein he declares that all vessels captured in Spanish waters or in the seas near the Island, with men or munitions of war on board, will be treated as pirates, and adjudged according to the articles of war, irrespective of their points of departure or destination.

The latest advices from Spain render it probable that Montpensier will be proclaimed King, and that he will arrive in Spain within a fortnight.

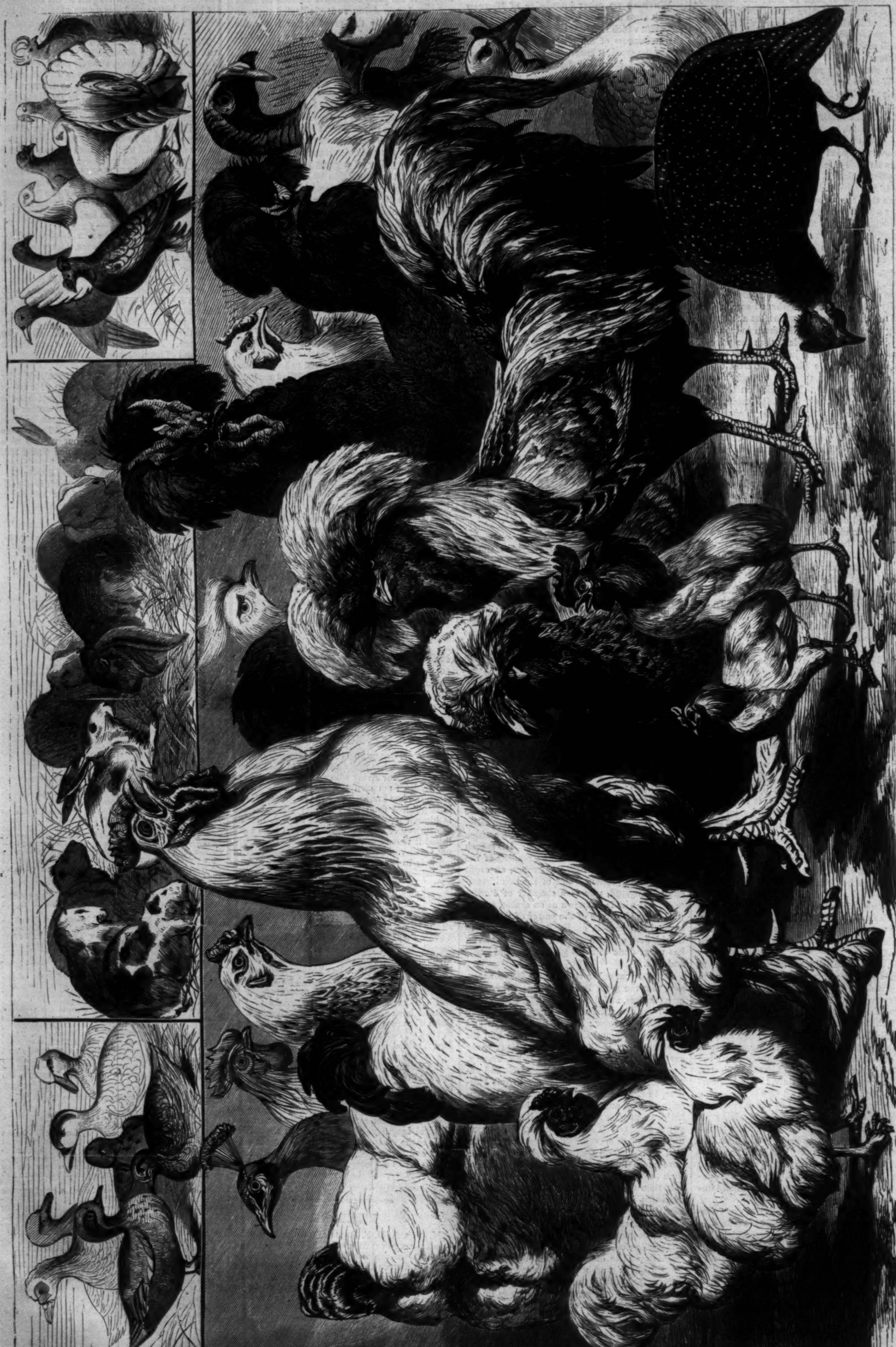
The Mexican General Almonte died in Paris March 22.

The majority of the elections for the Hungarian Parliament have resulted in the success of the Deak party.

Prosper Merimee, the French historian and archæologist, died recently at Cannes, in his 60th year.

The total loss of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer *Herman* is reported from Hong Kong, with a large number of Japanese troops on board, all of whom were drowned; 270 lives were lost.

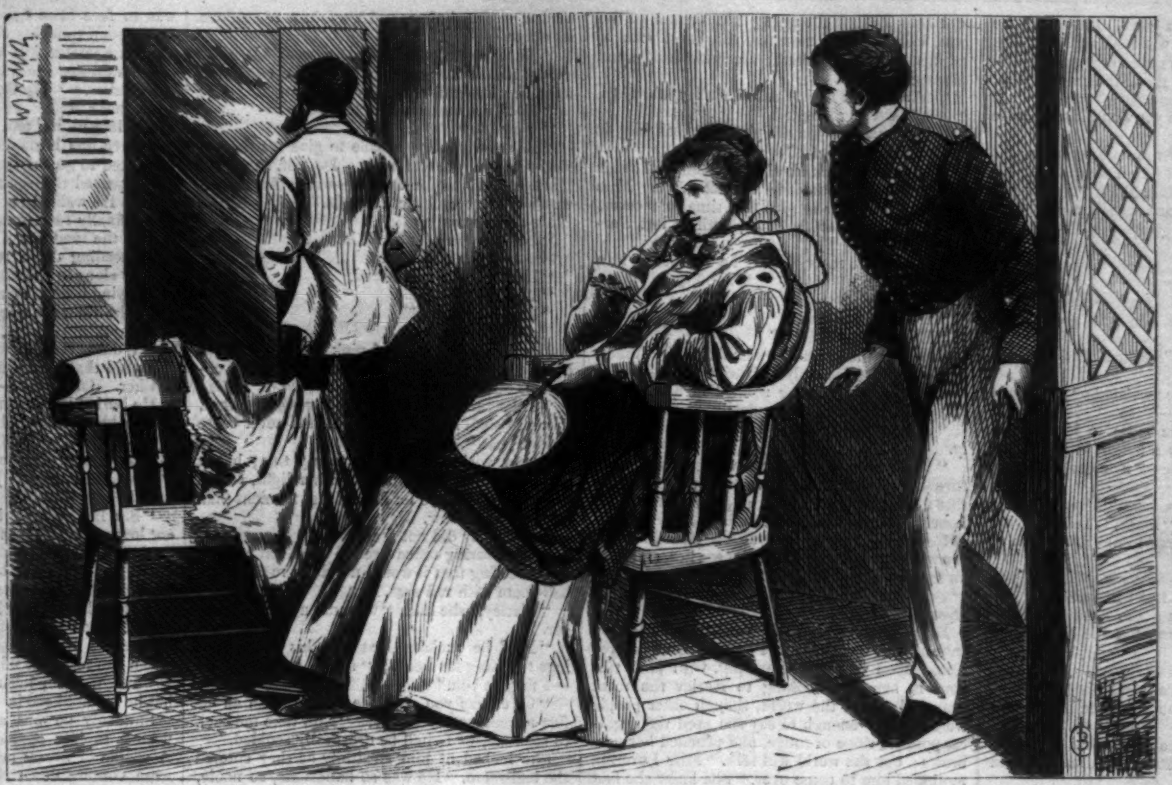
The Emperor Napoleon has demanded an explanation of the King of Prussia in regard to the recent mobilization of troops in the Western Provinces.



FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW YORK STATE POULTRY SOCIETY AT THE EMPIRE CITY SKATING-RINK, NEW YORK CITY.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 231.]

A BOY'S LOVE.

I.



"WHO IS THAT MAN?" ASKED HARLEY, ABRUPTLY.

"And so you like West Point?"

"Oh, so much—it is lovely!" and Miss Levering clasped her pretty little diamond-covered hands with an affectation of rapture. "And I like the—what do you call them—dear me, how odd I can not remember! the—the—"

"The parade," suggested Harley Goddard, whose thoughts were generally centred on military matters.

"The parade, of course," she replied, "but I mean the—the—cadets."

"Oh!"

And Harley felt conscious that he had taken the compliment to himself, and was coloring in a very boyish way.

"Yes," continued Miss Levering, "they are splendid; they are so lovely in their uniform, and have such a firm, independent look—"

"Louise, my dear," said her mother, "what are you raving about?"

"Nothing, mamma," replied her daughter, paying no further attention. "Oh, Mr. Harley—I beg pardon—I mean Mr. Harley Goddard"—and she became delightfully confused—"is not the view of the river charming from here?"

They were on the piazza of Rowe's Hotel. It was afternoon, the place was crowded with promenaders, the air was balmy, and the sun was going down behind the hills, leaving the sky radiant with golden light.

Harley made some boyish reply, and the flirtation continued.

"Who is that girl?" asked a lady of a gentleman as they passed the handsome cadet and his companion.

"She is the wealthy Miss Levering, of New York, the *protégé* of Colonel Houghton, who, on dying, left her a fortune. "She is considered beautiful, but there is something about her I can not admire. Besides—"

The conversation became more confidential.

"Come," said Harley, "will you walk over to the library building? I want to show you the pictures—"

He was in earnest, but Miss Levering thought it was an excuse for a continuation of the flirtation, which, inasmuch as she had only known him three or four days, was advancing in a wild and wonderful manner; so she said, "Yes," and went off without noticing her mother's warning: "Louise, you had better take your shawl. The evening dew will soon fall."

"Mamma is so stupid," she said, as they descended the steps together and crossed the green sward.

Harley looked surprised, but said nothing, and she rattled on.

"Is not the sunset sublime? Oh, I could gaze at it forever!"

"I think it would hardly consent to that neat arrangement," replied Harley, practically.

She tapped him on the arm with her fan.

"Monster!" she said, giving him a look out of the corners of her eyes, which was intended to mean, "Oh, you dear, delightful fellow!" and which made Harley's heart palpitate strangely.

"Here we are," he said, as they reached the picturesque library building. "Come in; it is not too late to see the pictures." She looked a little surprised at his persisting in what she considered a mere *ruse* to get her away from under her mother's eyes, but entered.

"I know you will like these grand full-length portraits of Monroe and Jefferson," he continued; "they are by Sully, one of the greatest painters our country has ever produced. He used to come here every summer until lately, but now remains at his home in Philadelphia. Are they not superb specimens of color?"

She murmured "Yes," evidently not understanding or taking interest in the subject.

"These kit-cats are by Sully also," he continued; "this full-length is by Weir—"

"Very nice," she said, "but I like colored photographs better."

Harley was somewhat shocked at her want of taste, and they turned away without any further inspection of the library, and went down the path, past the chapel. Twilight was approaching, and already the full moon made luminous the shady walk.

"Do you know," said Miss Levering, suddenly, "I like you?"

"Do you?" replied Harley, his breath almost taken away.

"Yes—you are not angry, are you?"

"Angry?" he stammered.

"Please don't be angry with me," she pleaded, in her childlike way; "I want you to be my friend; will you? oh, say you will!"

"If you will permit?"

"If I will permit? Why, of course I will! And now I want you to do me a favor."

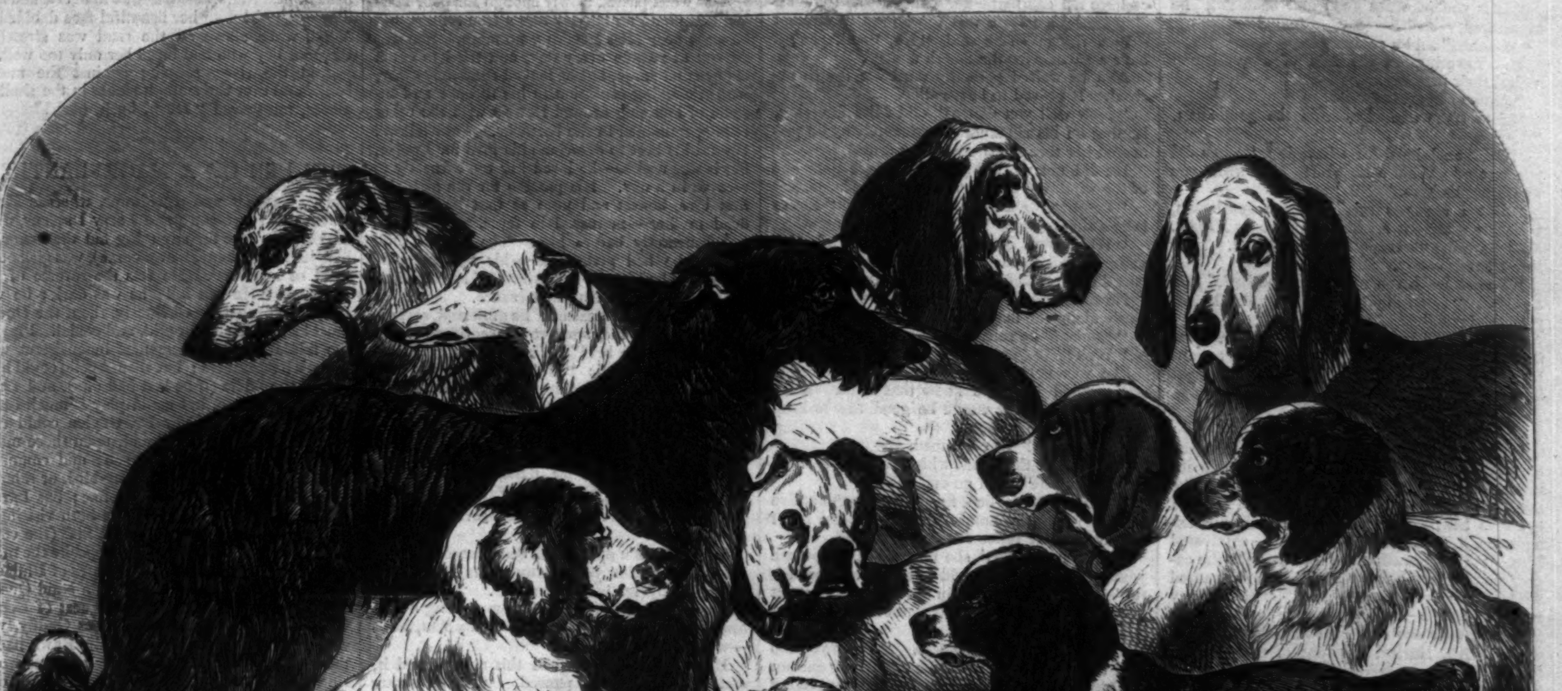
"Any thing you desire, I—"

"Any thing I desire! Oh, how splendid! How kind—how good you are! Well—give me one of your military buttons for my *châtelaine.*"

Out came Harley's knife, and he recklessly chopped a button off and presented it to her.

"Is one enough?" he asked, preparing to sacrifice another.

"Yes, thank you, plenty," she answered, "How pretty it is! It will look well on my



DOGS AT THE POULTRY EXHIBITION, NEW YORK CITY.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 231.]

châtelaine, I think—don't you? Please tell me frankly; do you think it will look well?"

She regarded him in an appealing manner, and Harley told her that he thought it would look *very* well.

"You say that because you know it will please me," she said, plaintively.

He assured her he did not. Whereupon she laughed gayly, and called him a wretch.

"Now," she said, confidentially, "I want you to give me a piece of advice. Will you?"

"With pleasure."

"Really?"

Harley smiled.

"Yes."

"Then—then—don't laugh—please don't laugh at me." This was said with great earnestness.

"I am not laughing," replied Harley, sober as a judge.

"Oh, yes you are," she persisted; "I see it in your eyes—there—there—"

And she made a little *moue* at him, which caused him to burst into a laugh, in which she joined, and it was at least a moment before they could stop.

"You fiend in human form," Miss Levering finally managed to say, "listen. Tell me what color ribbons I shall wear to-morrow night at the hop at Cozzens's."

Harley said, without hesitation, "Pink; you wore it the other day, and you looked—"

He paused; he had not the courage to pay her the desired compliment, but she helped him on.

"Did I look well?"

Harley drew a long breath.

"Perfectly lovely!" he exclaimed, with the strongest emphasis.

Miss Levering uttered an hysterical little cry.

"Oh, you naughty creature!" she said; "and do you really like me?"

She had taken his arm and looked up into his face with a glance that sent the blood dancing through his veins. The sky had deepened into the tender blue of evening, the moon illuminated the pathway with mysterious effulgence, and in the bright light his eyes met hers and remained fixed upon her as if fascinated.

"Do I like you?" he repeated, with boyish impetuosity. "Yes—I do!"

"Be my friend," she said, her voice trembling while her hand pressed his arm. "I am so lonely, so sad sometimes. No one cares for me—they smile upon me, and then go away and forget me. You will not do that, will you, Harley—I mean Mr. Goddard—you will not do that?"

"No," he replied, unconsciously pressing her hand. "I will be your friend always—forever!"

"How good you are!" she whispered.

"It is you who are good and beautiful," he murmured, "and I—"

"Louise!" said a calm voice.

Mrs. Levering on the arm of a gentleman barred their pathway.

"Mamma!" cried Louise.

"And some one else," said the gentleman. "Louise—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Levering, "when did you arrive? What a surprise! You wrote you would not be here."

"But I am, you see," said the gentleman, with any thing but a friendly glance at Harley. Miss Levering nervously introduced him. They shook hands coldly.

"I must leave you now, Mr. Goddard," said Louise. "Good-night, and many thanks for your kindness."

She extended her hand warmly, took the gentleman's arm, and the party turned toward Rowe's, leaving Harley alone in the moonlight filled with conflicting emotions.

II.

HARLEY did not sleep that night. He tossed restlessly hour after hour, thinking over his interview with Miss Levering. "She must like me," he argued—"I am sure she does; while I—I love her!" And the poor boy did not exaggerate. Louise had fascinated—captivated him. "How beautiful she is!" thought the cadet, "and what a sweet voice!" Then he paused while a thrill ran through him. "She is very wealthy, and I—well, I am not poor—my father is prosperous and—I could support a—a wife!" Ah, Harley, thinking of marriage already—before you have graduated! How fast boys run on—American boys especially! How bright the skies are to youthful eyes! A storm may come—but at the first glimpse of sunshine the gloomy past is forgotten and Hope smiles once more. Harley felt sure Miss Levering liked him very much—for had she not asked him to be her friend—and had he not accepted the trust—and would he not fulfill it nobly?

He fell asleep at last and dreamed of her—dreamed that she called him "Dear Harley," and told him that she loved him, and awoke with a start just as the *reveille* sounded.

He thought of nothing but Miss Levering all day, and when on parade she waved her handkerchief to him and smiled, he felt that every one was looking at him and envying him, and that he was the happiest fellow in the world.

As soon as his duties permitted, flushed and impatient, he hurried over to Rowe's. Miss Levering and the gentleman she had the evening before introduced as Mr. Wilton were laughing and talking on the piazza. Harley was somewhat taken aback, but his angel held out her hand graciously, and said, "How well you looked on parade, Mr. Goddard!" To which Mr. Wilton, who had nodded to Harley in a condescending manner not very agreeable to him, added, "Yes, the cadets drill well, and are a fine set of boys."

The sneer was so evident that Harley smiled, and Miss Levering, tapping Mr. Wilton on the arm, called him a monster, and asked him to get her a glass of water. He arose lazily, and departed to obey.

"Who is that man?" asked Harley, abruptly.

Miss Levering laughed.

"That man, as you are pleased to call him, is my affianced husband."

Harley drew back slowly, his hands fell to his side, and for a moment he did not move. Miss Levering, in order to give him time to recover, gazed tranquilly at the river, until at last Harley spoke.

"You are to marry him?" he whispered, in a choked voice.

"Yes."

"Do you love him?"

"Hush! He is here."

She took the glass of water from Mr. Wilton and sipped it leisurely. Harley regarded her stupefied. Every thing seemed in a whirl before him. He rose mechanically.

"Are you going?" asked Miss Levering, lightly.

"Yes," he answered, and with a slight bow turned away and hurried to the barracks. He threw himself on his bed, and lay there for an hour without moving. She was to marry another! No, no, it could not be—it *should* not be. He would prevent it. He must see her, and have an explanation. When? How? Ah—the hop at Cozzens's—she would be there. He would go also.

Night came, clear and beautiful. As Harley entered the ball-room the first object his eyes rested upon was Miss Levering, with pink ribbons in her hair, looking to Harley the most beautiful girl in the world, though other people were naughty enough to say she used the slightest possible tinge of rouge, and penciled her eyebrows; but the world will talk. Miss Levering motioned him to come over. She knew she had made him wretched, her vanity was gratified, and she felt magnanimous. Besides, cadets are always in demand among the young ladies at West Point, and as Harley was one of the handsomest, Miss Levering liked to be seen dancing with him because it attracted attention, and made the other girls envious. So she said, with more than ordinary warmth:

"Mr. Goddard, I haven't forgotten my promise to dance with you, so you may put your name down for the fourth."

Harley took the book. Mr. Wilton was down for the first dance. With a bitter smile he added his name for the fourth, and sauntered off. He lounged among a number of the cadets without speaking, watching Miss Levering dancing.

"Why don't you dance, Harley?" asked one of his companions, "there are lots of pretty girls anxious to know you."

"Shall I dance and flirt with some one else and see if I can make her jealous?" he thought. But Harley's nature was too honest to attempt such a thing; so he said, "No, thank you; I have a partner for the fourth dance."

And he waited patiently until the fourth arrived. It proved to be a gallop.

"How well you dance!" said Miss Levering, leaning on his shoulder affectionately as he pioneered her through the whirling crowd.

He did not reply, but as they were near one of the windows, drew her out on the piazza.

"I want to talk with you," he said. "Let us take a short walk."

"We mustn't be gone long," she replied, "or mamma will make a dreadful row. Lend me your handkerchief to put around my neck."

He did so, and for a moment they walked silently along the moonlit path.

"Louise!" he said at last.

"Well?"

She was not angry at the familiarity. She rather liked it. She knew that Harley loved her, and thought it would be good fun to keep up the flirtation.

"I love you!" he continued.

"Don't say that," she whispered, at the same time hoping he would go on.

"I must," he replied, firmly. "I can not live without you! Oh Louise, do not break my heart and destroy my peace of mind forever!"

"Oh, no, Harley," she murmured, "you are young; for you the world is bright and beautiful." She had read this in a novel, and thought it a pretty sentiment. "Remember I am always your friend—"

"Never!" he cried, fiercely. "I love you too well to see you the wife of another. I am not wealthy, but I have a fair income—do not refuse me, Louise—do not cast me off! Why must you marry this man?"

"Because I have promised," she answered, hurriedly.

"Promised!" he echoed, bitterly.

"Yes," she said; "it is too late to retract."

They had reached a little summer-house, and she sank gracefully on a seat.

He took her hand and covered it with kisses.

"Must I lose you?" he groaned.

She regarded him with a kind of pity.

"Poor Harley!" she said, softly.

"If you knew how I loved you—!" he almost sobbed in his anguish. "Oh, Louise! Louise! why did you lead me to suppose that you cared for me?"

She arose and pressed a kiss on his brow

"Because—I love you," she replied.

He clasped her passionately in his arms.

"You love me! you love me!" he repeated, deliriously.

She let him kiss and embrace her for a moment, because she rather liked being kissed by a handsome young man, and then drew herself from his arms.

"I love you," she said—then came a long pause—"but I can never be your wife."

The words were theatrically delivered; but Miss Levering had practiced the sentence on several victims before, and knew how to produce an effect.

"Never be my wife?" Harley repeated.

She moved so that the moonlight could fall upon her face and make her look seraphic.

"No!" she answered. "No!"

"Why not?"

"Because you are unable to give me the position in the world I seek. Do not be angry, Harley. Let us be friends—warm friends always—but let us forget to-night."

He arose sternly.

"Let us return," was all he said.

She took his arm.

"Harley," she murmured.

"Well?"

"You forgive me?"

He did not answer.

She detached a bow of pink ribbon from her hair, and, to the last true to the instincts of a coquette, offered it to him.

"Take this," she said, "and remember that, though I shall marry another, I shall never cease to love you."

It was wicked, heartless, to say this; but it was the truth for all that. In her light, selfish way she cared more for him at that moment than any man she knew.

Still Harley did not speak.

Miss Levering endeavored to weep, but paused, remembering that it would not do to re-enter the ball-room with red eyes.

"Harley," she said, "we must not part in anger."

"No," he exclaimed at last, his better feelings touching his heart; "not in anger, Louise—I forgive you."

"Of course you do," she replied, with an effort to recover her gayety. "Now take me back to mamma, or I shall be dreadfully scolded."

She looked at him stealthily as they entered the ball-room. He was so handsome, so noble, but so pale and silent.

"How he loves me!" she thought, and she felt a little sorry for him; but this was by no means her first flirtation, and his anguish did not affect her deeply.

"You will not forget me?" she whispered, as he led her to where her mother was seated. "Think kindly of me, Harley."

She remembered making the same speech to several men with whom she had trifled in a like manner.

"I will try," he said, and turned away.

She watched him leave the ball-room, and then with a little shrug of her shoulders turned to Mr. Wilton, who had been looking on with any thing but a pleased expression, and began talking gayly until she had pacified and amused him, and then let him put down his name for the next dance.

III.

THE week passed slowly enough for poor Harley. He bore up bravely like a true soldier, but he went near Miss Levering no more. She was present at parade every day, and tried to catch his eye and smile, but he looked resolutely away, with a choking sensation in his throat; and instead of lounging around Rowe's with the other cadets, remained in the barracks. Poor fellow! He did his best to overcome his love for Louise, but it was useless—he loved her too earnestly to recover in a day. His passion for the girl—his first love, honest and pure as that he bore his dead mother—increased in force. Her image was constantly before him. The bow of pink ribbon she had given him—his handkerchief which she had kept—her avowal of love for him—all tortured him beyond measure.

"False-hearted creature!" he muttered, savagely; "she loves me, and yet she sacrifices all for position. Curse her!" Then, with a revulsion of feeling, he cried: "No, no—I can not hate her—I love her too deeply for that—too wildly." Poor Harley, poor noble-hearted boy!

A few days after he received a little note, which ran as follows:

"Have you forgotten me, Harley? Why will you not come to me? Have you ceased to care for me? Ah, the heart of Man! It can transfer its affections easily—but the heart of Woman *always* remains faithful. L."

This dramatic epistle had been concocted with the aid of another young lady whom Louise had triumphantly let into her secret. "My dear," she had said, at the same time munching a *bon-bon*, "if this don't bring him to my feet, he is—well, I won't say what."

Harley read and re-read this note, kissed it, and believed it—yet paused. "Is she acting honorably?" he thought, and he shook his head sadly. Yet love was too strong within him to resist the appeal. "I must go to her," he said; and he went. Miss Levering was not in her usual place on the piazza, but as he was about to turn the corner he heard laughing voices and his name mentioned.

"—hasn't come yet, my love," said a young lady's voice.

"No," replied another voice—that of Louise. "He is a handsome fellow, but young—very young. You should have heard him making love to me; he adores me. Watch him to-morrow, and see how he looks at me."

"Louise, you should not trifle with the boy," said Mr. Wilton's languid voice.

"*I* trifle with him?" she echoed. "How absurd. I can not help his loving me, but I certainly shall not allow him to confiscate any more of my pink ribbons. But then he is only a boy."

"You are able to make the *boy*, as you call him, very miserable," drawled Mr. Wilton.

Louise laughed.

"Nonsense," she replied; "besides, I adore him, you know."

"As much as you have adored a great many others," suggested Mr. Wilton, at which there was a general laugh.

Harley listened stupefied. His first impulse was to face Miss Levering, and denounce her. But second thoughts convinced him of the folly of such a proceeding, and he turned slowly, like one in a dream, and walked away, scarcely knowing whither. "My God!" he thought, "why do I love her?"

He looked up and found himself near the boundary line beyond which the cadets are not permitted to go, but having a permit in his pocket, he passed the sentry, and went out into the road. He walked on, hardly caring where, until he finally sank wearily on a rock. On one side of the road was a stony and precipitous descent leading down to the river, which glided rapidly along in the sunshine, murmuring against the sloping banks. On the other side of the road were the pleasant woods. Harley surveyed the scene apathetically.

"Would that I were dead!" he groaned. "Would that I were dead. I can not live without her. Oh, Louise—cruel—cruel!"

He buried his face in his hands.

The birds twittered in the trees, and darted through the gentle air. The river went murmuring along. It seemed to say to Harley, "Hush, hush, hush!" but he would not be comforted.

"She lied to me!" he muttered. "She does *not* love me! Heaven be merciful, or I shall go mad!"

He had not slept or eaten for several days, and was worked up to such a state of excitement that he scarcely knew what he was doing.

"If it had not been for that man she might have cared for me," he cried; "but now—now—she can never be mine—never—never!"

"Hush, hush, hush!" murmured the river—but he did not heed it. He was utterly wretched.

Suddenly he was aroused by the noise of a vehicle rapidly approaching. He looked up. A couple of horses attached to a light carriage were coming down the road, galloping madly. A lady and gentleman, overcome by the peril of their situation, clung to each other. Harley rose, regarded them, and then uttered a wild laugh. The occupants of the carriage were Louise Levering and Mr. Wilton. A horrible, revengeful expression passed over Harley's face. The carriage came nearer—nearer—nearer.

"Stop the horses, for God's sake," called Louise—"Harley!"

Harley paused for an instant—the blood rushed to his face.

"I will save you, Louise!" he cried, in a voice of love and agony; "I will save you!"

And he sprang at the horses in a frantic endeavor to stop them. But the maddened animals shook him off and trampled him under foot, killing him instantly.

Louise uttered a shriek of horror. The horses shied and dashed down the rocky descent to the river—an instant after two bodies lay motionless beneath the tranquil skies—the man crushed and limp—the girl with her beautiful face dabbled in blood, while above on the road was stretched the poor boy who had loved her only too well.

And the river, sobbing against the mossy banks and over the smooth stones in the shallow places, murmured "Hush, hush, hush!"

THE USE OF A MAGIC-LANTERN.

DR. GAYLEN was a widower, whereas Molly Bawn was seventeen; and Larry Darrons, Jun. (too rich to care for any thing but the honor of his "M.D.," should it ever come), was girlhood's ideal of manhood. He was the reverse of the Doctor. "He was tall; he was dark; he was haughty of mien." Obviously, then, the Doctor must have been short, florid, and genial. Playing the fiddle might have seemed inconsistent with Larry's haughtiness; but then Apollo could have played the fiddle (if he had had one), and Larry not only had one, but could play it much better than the Doctor. For Dr. Gaylen could only play tunes, while Larry could, upon those magic strings, speak, laugh, wail, sob; and came out wonderfully as a cat, a mocking-bird, or a hand-saw. The Doctor's bass was fine; but Larry's tenor was operatic. They were both visiting in the neighborhood of "Bawn's Mills" (the country seat of Morris Bawn, Esq., opposite the mills, is one of the finest suburban features of Philadelphia); but Dr. Gaylen was with a staid Quaker family; whereas Larry was the guest of Benoni Gadfly, Esq., father of the Misses Gadfly, who were the dearest friends that Molly Bawn had in the world. Of an evening Larry Darrons would ride over to call upon Miss Bawn; and, of a morning, Miss Bawn would drive over to see—the Misses Gadfly.

There was another guest at the Gadfly villa who was very attentive to Miss Bawn; but from him Larry Darrons derived no uneasiness, as he had been equally attentive to her mother eighteen years before. This gentleman's name was Slipkin. At the Fair Mr. Slipkin was eminently useful. After the first day he became known among the ladies as "that dear Mr. Slipkin;" he was so obliging! Then he was a person of inexhaustible resource; and if any thing in the way of an address insisted upon being made, he, Mr. Slipkin, was the man among men to make it.

On the second evening of the Fair they improvised a concert, the most delighful thing you can imagine! In the course of which entertainment Dr. Gaylen had the opportunity of assuring Miss Bawn, from the very depths of his chest, that "he'd offer her that hand of his, if he could love her less"—which was not likely; but he was much applauded at the close of his self-denying observations.

The little glow of satisfaction, however, which had been imparted to him by the public appreciation of his voice and approbation of his sentiments speedily cooled down when, in answer to a highly-pitched request from Larry Darrons for an interview, under more favorable circumstances than those afforded by an uncomfortably crowded concert-room, Miss Molly Bawn responded, unhesitatingly, "Yes, I'll meet thee by moonlight alone;" and the entire audience evinced complete satisfaction with the arrangement.

Hence the Doctor was very reluctant to give his promise to partake in another entertainment of the same nature, as announced by the Rev. Mr. Strate Westcott (the eloquent rector of St. Pancras), for the ensuing evening; and was only brought to terms by a "Do!" from Miss Molly Bawn.

"But I warn you," said he, "that I shall ask a favor in return."

"Oh, I'll do any thing *you* ask me to, Dr. Gaylen," answered the young lady, glancing at him over her shoulder as she took Larry Darrons's arm.

The Doctor did not feel complimented. That childlike confidence had rather the air of regarding him as a father.

"A lively girl, Sir," said Mr. Slipkin, offering Dr. Gaylen a cigar as they walked homeward together.

"Have you known her long?" asked the Doctor, accepting the donation, but half inclined to be jealous of Mr. Slipkin.

"Ever since she was a baby," replied that gentleman. "I knew her mother."

"Did you, indeed!" exclaimed the Doctor. "So did I."

"I admired her mother immensely," said Mr. Slipkin.

"So did I," repeated the Doctor.

"Yes; I don't mind mentioning it to you, after all these years. At one time I was quite a beau of hers."

"So was I," said Dr. Gaylen, laughing.

"Well, upon my word!" cried Mr. Slipkin, joyously. "And did she never speak to you of me?"

"Never," answered the Doctor, emphatically.

"She was a great flame of mine, nevertheless. Why, Sir, I positively loved that girl."

"What a coincidence! My dear Sir; so did I."

"Ha, ha! Yes, Sir; I actually asked her to be my wife."

"So did I," the Doctor confessed.

"And she actually refused me."

"So she did me," said the Doctor.

"But she was a charming woman, nevertheless. Still—all's for the best, you know. I was four years her junior."

"All's for the best, no doubt," assented the Doctor. "I was seven. I had rather a fancy for old girls in my extreme youth; but I've gotten bravely over it."

"So have I," said Mr. Slipkin. "This is Gadfly's gate. There they all are, on the porch. Quite a merry party. *Fugaces anni labuntur.* Eh, Doctor? The girls don't care for old fellows like you and me."

Dr. Gaylen bade him good-night with some precipitancy.

The second concert was even a greater success than the first. The Doctor was cheerful up to the very close of the evening, when his spirits evaporated on hearing Larry Darrons again inform Miss Bawn, as an incentive to punctuality, that he had distinctly promised to "show the night-flowers their Queen." As nothing, however, was further from Molly's thoughts than allowing herself to be exhibited in that capacity, the Doctor need not have fallen into such a brown study, nor have jumped out of it with such a bounce when the Queen of the night-flowers touched his arm—so might she have touched her uncle's—and reminded him that she was in his debt.

"What was the favor, Dr. Gaylen?"

"I was only going to ask," the Doctor's voice trembled a little, perhaps from fatigue in singing, "whether I might drive over for you and bring you down to the Dissolving Views."

The Fair was to close next night with that exhibition.

The Queen hesitated a moment, and then said, "Certainly;" and then added, "Thank you."

"At seven?"

"Yes; at seven."

And she again took Larry Darrons's arm. For all that, the Doctor went home—avoiding Mr. Slipkin—comparatively happy, to dream of a fair landscape flushed with sunset, with a road in the fore-ground, along which a splendid bay was drawing a spick and span new buggy. He was to drive Miss Bawn to the Dissolving Views. Blissfulness!

But he didn't. That office was performed by Larry Darrons.

It happened thus: Young Mr. Darrons, with whom—for the distance was not great—Miss Molly Bawn had usually preferred walking, went over to give her the opportunity of exercising that preference, and found her all ready and waiting in the parlor.

"Dressed!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said she, faintly; for she had not told him of her covenant with the Doctor, and knew that there was gall with bitterness in store for him.

"Unusual promptitude! Would you mind explaining?"

But explanations were spared to Molly by the entrance of an excited handmaiden with a summons for the Doctor. The poor people of the neighborhood, among whom he had practiced a little, had conferred that title upon Larry.

"Who is it?"

"Sure, I'll bring him in till ye see him."

And, returning in a few moments, the green daughter of Erin ushered in a ragged, red-faced, panting, sobbing, little urchin, who announced that "his daddy was took very suddint with a broken leg."

"Took with a broken leg, is he?" repeated Larry, looking as though he himself were "took very bad" indeed with something that went raspingly against the grain. "Go for Dr. Burton."

"Dr. Burton's away to town."

"Dr. Worster, then."

"Dr. Worster says he's sick and can't come; and, besides, daddy didn't pay him last time; and he had to go somewhere else, and so—that's the reason."

"Well, *I* can't go," said Larry, looking at the heiress of Bawn's Mills.

"Please, Sir, you was to come right away. Daddy's been since noon, and we couldn't get no help."

"I tell you, my little man, that you must go for some one else. There's Dr. Ashton—he's always ready. Tell your 'daddy' that I had a prior engagement."

"I *would* go if I were you," said Molly, softly.

"What! and give you up for a whole evening! I care more for you than I do for all the—all the broken legs in the world."

"How very flattering!" returned the Queen of the night-flowers.

"Besides, I'm not a physician quite yet."

"You're very skillful."

"You've no idea how awkward I am at times. I have an inward presentiment that this would be one of the times. Ah, Molly!" he lowered his voice and looked at her with very melancholy eyes—"don't banish me. They can easily get some one; and I had set my heart upon to-night."

"Never mind me, just for one evening. It's very kind of you to wish to be with me, but—"

"There can be no buts about it, Miss Molly," said the young man, turning away and looking out of the window. "Here, my boy; tell your ——aha! The very thing! There's Gaylen in his gig."

The Doctor drove up, radiant in new garments and anticipations of happiness. Larry opened the window and hailed him joyously. The way out of the difficulty was clear.

"Man's leg broken? No physician to be had. Want one to come?"

Poor Dr. Gaylen! How the light faded in his kindly face! What a strange gray shadow came over it! Molly remarked his change of countenance, and somehow felt more complimented by it than by all Larry's protestations. But the Doctor was true to the instincts of his profession.

"I'm very sorry, Miss Bawn," said he, looking especially melancholy about the wrists, as he let his reins dangle and festoon themselves over his knees, but if that poor fellow's been lying there since noon, the sooner I reach him the better. You'll excuse me, I suppose."

"Indeed, I will, Dr. Gaylen, and thank you for going."

"Yes, I rather supposed that too," said the Doctor, looking mournfully at Larry Darrons.

"No—no—no. I didn't mean—" Molly began, but she was confused rather than audible; and the Doctor went on:

"You needn't be incommoded, though. I'll send back the buggy by this little man, who looks as if he could drive, and" (said the Doctor, sighing) "Mr. Darrons can drive you down."

"That's a capital arrangement!" said Larry. In due time the vehicle returned. Larry handed the young lady into it, and though she was rather silent they had a pleasant drive through the shady roads and between the fields of spring, beautiful in the level sun. And that was the realization of the Doctor's dream.

They were in ample time for the Dissolving Views, but Miss Bawn insisted upon taking a seat upon the penultimate bench, toward the door.

"You can't see here," said Larry Darrons.

"I can see all I want to," answered Molly.

Who should be the orator of the evening but Mr. Slipkin! How eloquent he was! how pathetic! how facetious! and how gentlemanly! And with what a variety of themes he proved to be familiar. The projectors of the exhibition had counted largely upon Sunday-school patronage, and special selections of subjects had been made under the "suggestions" of Mr. Gadfly, with the purpose not only of amusing the hopes of the community, but also of improving the occasion to their moral instruction and advancement. As one means, among others, to this latter end, there was called into play in the magic circle on the great white sheet a very pale little boy, with an expression of the utmost nausea depicted on his otherwise ingenuous countenance. He was reclining, evidently in a state of physical prostration and mental contrition, against the giant bole of an oak, in a boundless contiguity of shade. An empty basket lay supine beside him, and a pound-cake, beautifully frosted and deeply excavated on one side, fell from his nerveless hand.

The picture told its own story, and Mr. Slipkin improved the occasion with marked ability.

While he was doing so a gentleman came quietly in and stood near the penultimate bench.

"And now, children," concluded Mr. Slipkin, "the friends of this greedy little boy will have to come out and find him in the woods, and take him home, and send for the doctor to come."

And then Molly, looking up, saw that the Doctor had come without being sent for.

"Dr. Gaylen!"

"Ah, Miss Bawn!"

"How is he?"

"Fast asleep."

"Thank you."

"Yes," thought the Doctor, "I know what she thanks me for."

But the little boy who had made himself sick was now in a state of dissolution; and the Doctor looked at the screen. Another little boy! This view was very striking, and elicited great applause. In front of a heathen temple, with all the modern conveniences, a group of children had been arranged by the gifted artist as they never would have arranged themselves. The house was so white, and the garden so green, and the children so vividly dressed that there was a small whirlwind of "ohs" and "ahs." But the central figure was that of the other little boy, who had an empty basket in one hand and a prize peach in the other. He was a chubby, sturdy little chap, and became popular instantly. He looked very happy, and so did his playmates, each of whom held in his or her hand a specimen of the kindly fruits of the earth.

"Now, my dear children," said Mr. Slipkin, when he could make himself heard, "I want you to look very hard at *that* little boy." Mr. Slipkin's emphasis on "*that*" was one of the finest points ever made in American oratory. "*He* has had a basket sent to *him*, at *his* school. But, instead of stealing away by himself with it, like a very selfish and wicked little boy, *that* little boy has called *all* his little companions around him, and has given one thing to one and another to another, till all that *he* has for *himself* is one single, solitary Peach!!"

Grand climax on the part of Mr. Slipkin, which brings down the house, Dr. Gaylen applauding with the loudest.

"I asked you, children," Mr. Slipkin continues, "to look very hard at that little boy. And why, children? why did I ask you to look very hard at that picture and at that little boy? Because, children, that picture is a true picture, and that little boy was a real little boy."

Profound sensation.

"And now he's a real man!"

Increased sensation.

"And his name is—"

Breathless suspense.

"You all know him—"

Feverish impatience.

"Dr. Gaylen!!"

Thunders of applause, during which the Doctor rushed wildly out of the building.

Mr. Slipkin, after the exhibition, being sent to look for him, finds him in the deepest shadows on the other side of the way.

"Gaylen!"

"Slipkin! Dear me, how could you do that? I had forgotten all about it!"

"Never mind. You and I and Jack Stencil were at the 'Infants' Retreat' together;* and Jack remembered it, and painted it. There's a young lady waiting for you—Miss Bawn."

"For me? Where's Mr. Darrons?"

"I rather think it's all up there. And, look! *She's* up there at the window looking for *you*."

"I'll get my horse," says the Doctor.

The net profits from the Fair were $1000. Unfortunately, the very next week, the stiff little steeple blew down; and it cost exactly that sum to put it up again.

Those cases of fracture are sometimes very tedious! Not steeples—but legs and arms. But it was "real good" of Dr. Gaylen—so the Misses Gadfly said—to drive out all the way from town to see his poor patient; at first once a week; then, as he got better, twice; as he continued to improve, every other day; and, ultimately, every day.

At last the Doctor's patient is well enough to hobble to his cottage-door and bid the Doctor good-by. In the distance is the Rev. Mr. Strate Westcott, with a new fifty-dollar bill in his pocket-book. The Doctor is not in his buggy. He is in a close carriage. He is not alone. A lady is with him, a young lady, who looks all the happier for being there, and all the prettier for blushing.

As the carriage rolls down the hill this lady, looking into a little basket, says:

"There's just one peach left, Charley; will you have it?"

But the Doctor—there being nobody in that shady road to catch him doing it—kisses her cheek and does not care much about peaches.

EXHIBITION OF THE NEW YORK POULTRY SOCIETY.

The object of this Society is "the improvement and more thorough dissemination of the breeding of poultry and other small animals; which is to be effected by the gathering of reliable and practical information and experience, and the holding of fairs, and the distribution of awards." The first annual exhibition of the Society began on the 22d and was continued until the 27th of March, at the Empire City Skating Rink, on Third Avenue between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets, New York city. This building is admirably adapted for the purposes of such a fair, being 170 feet wide and 350 feet in length. It was filled on all sides, in the centre, and in the wings, with innumerable hen-coops, and the air was resonant with the crowing of roosters, the cackling of hens, the quacking of ducks, and the barking and whining of dogs. The Rink appeared to have been suddenly transformed into a gigantic barn-yard. A correspondent of the New York *Herald* thus describes the scene:

> Immediately on entering one perceived a circular array of coops containing numerous specimens of three of the best breeds of French chickens, all imported—the Houdan, Crève-Cœur, and La Flèche—all of which are splendid representatives of their species, and some of which, a trio of Houdans, were honored with the first premium at the Paris exhibition in 1867. They are known as good layers, though non-setters, and are at the same time an excellent table bird. And in this lies their specialty, for all other species of non-setters make but poor dishes for the table. Distributed throughout the hall are numerous other species. There can be seen silver-gray Dorkings; a trio of brown Leghorns, with immense combs, quite a curiosity even to look at; buff and dark Brahmas; Nankin bantams; Cochins of immense size, good layers and setters; partridge Cochins; a trio of buff Cochins that took the first prize at the fair at Birmingham, England, only last fall; white Dorkings; black Javas, an entirely new species in this country; Japanese frizzled chickens, making a very "outlandish" appearance with their white, frizzled plumage, and said to be very good layers; gold and silver penciled Hamburgs. There are also fowls for ornament, such as peacocks and hens, completely white pea-fowls from England, gold and silver pheasants, and many other varieties. Of game fowls there is a very great number of various breeds exhibited, as the Duckwing game; the Earl Derby game bantams, from the Earl's own breeding yard; gold and Sebright game bantams. One set of these, all imported, is of the smallest size, one in particular weighing under fifteen and a half ounces. Of ducks, geese, pigeons, even carrier pigeons, every variety can here be seen. Especially in the "duck line" there are several very fine imported specimens, like the Aylesbury, the Roneau, the white Muscovy and topknot ducks. One set of coops, overhung with the green flag of Erin, contains chickens received only last Saturday from Limerick, among which is a trio of buff Cochins of tremendous size, and another trio of Sultans, the immediate descendants of a pair presented by the Sultan of Turkey, as a very valuable and highly to be appreciated bird, to Queen Victoria, and probably the only specimens in Europe and this country, outside the Sultan's own poultry-yard. And then there are dogs and cats and lap-ear rabbits, and a varied display of other animals of household use.

One of the most interesting features of the exhibition was the collection of dogs of various breeds, of which we give a representation on page 229.

LEGEND IN ALSACE.

Know'st thou, Gretchen, how it happens
That the dear ones die?
God walks daily in His garden
While the sun shines high:
In that garden there are roses
Beautiful and bright,
And He gazes round delighted
With the lovely sight:
If He marks one gayly blooming,
Than the rest more fair,
He will pause and look upon it,
Full of tender care:
And the beauteous rose He gathers
In His bosom lies—
But on earth are tears and sorrow,
For a dear one dies!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Major H——, State Agent of the —— Insurance Company, visited Rockford for the purpose of appointing a local agent, and inquired of an old Irish friend, whose name of course was "Mac," as to the character of one of the applicants. The reply was: "It is good, and I hope you will appoint him, for he is not only a worthy man himself, but he has four sisters, and every *mother's son* of them is an *orphan*."

Little Johnny was being catechised by his brother, who asked him what he was made of. Johnny replied, "You, and me, and papa, are made of dust, and mamma and sister are made of men's wibs."

An old miser, who was exceedingly parsimonious, being ill, was obliged reluctantly to consult a physician.

"What shall I do with my head?" asked the man. "It is so dizzy I seem to see double."

The doctor wrote a prescription, and retired saying:

"When you see double you will find relief if you count your money."

Here's a little specimen of keen repartee which came off in a Springfield school the other day:

Young Gent. "I'm going to give the teacher a piece of my mind!"

Young Lady. "I wouldn't, if I were in your place: he has got all he wants, and you haven't any to spare!"

Young gent subsides into ordinary proportions.

A good old lady sat down in the store of a friend, one day, close to a large and very clear mirror which went from floor to ceiling. She saw herself in the glass but thought it was somebody else, and in a few moments went to the young lady clerk and said to her: "Who is that old lady who was sitting alongside of me?"

An Englishman and his family were gazing into the window of a picture store. The following was overheard:

Little Girl. "Oh, mamma! is that a 'en?"

Mamma. "No, my child, that is a howl."

Father. "No, my wife and daughter, that is neither a 'en, nor a howl, but it is a *heagle, the hemblem of this blarsted country!*"

NOTES ON ALASKA.

The annexation of Alaska to the United States will not probably increase the *pole* tax.

When the prodigal son went into a *fur* country he probably stopped in Alaska.

The people there didn't care for the return of spring. When the rivers begin to run they say *it's snow* matter.

The territory is well defended against cavalry. There is a *shiver-de-freeze* all around it.

It is a good place for orators. Even the whales *spout.*

Education is very general. The whales go in *schools.*

The hunters do not always stop to read their letters when they open the *seals.*

The north pole has never been seen; it is not certain whether the bears climb it.

Those who go there are protected from the cold, although they go in *bear* skins.

A lady dressed in the latest style was recently observed in our streets endeavoring to walk *perfectly upright.* She attracted a good deal of attention.

CUT YOUR COAT ACCORDING TO THE CLOTH.

Goodness knows! I'm very willing
To regard this caution—but
Vain 'tis this to be instilling
When I've got no cloth to cut!

Some are lucky; birth provides them
With their coats already made;
Such their style—no one derides them,
All their tailors' bills are paid.

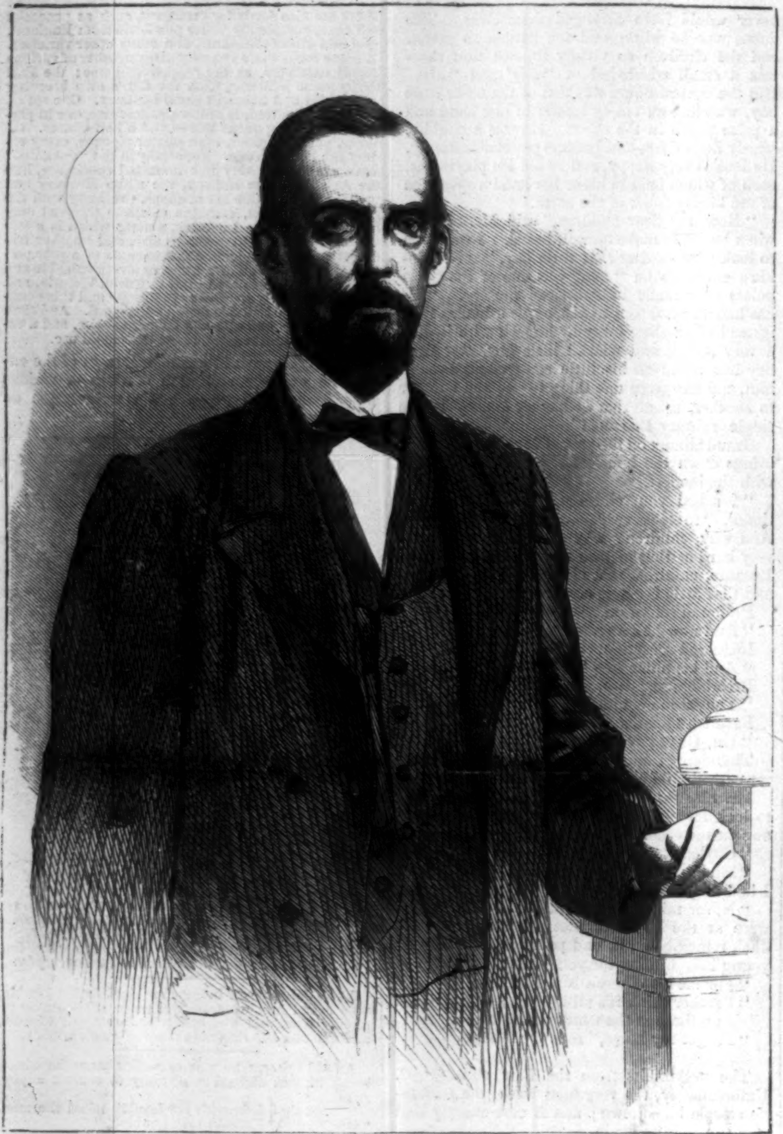
Others, true, have got the bother
Of the making of their coats;
But they get the cloth *sans* pother—
No harsh fate their lot denotes.

Others have much toil and racket,
For but little cloth have they,
Scarce enough for e'en a jacket—
Yet that serves them in its way.

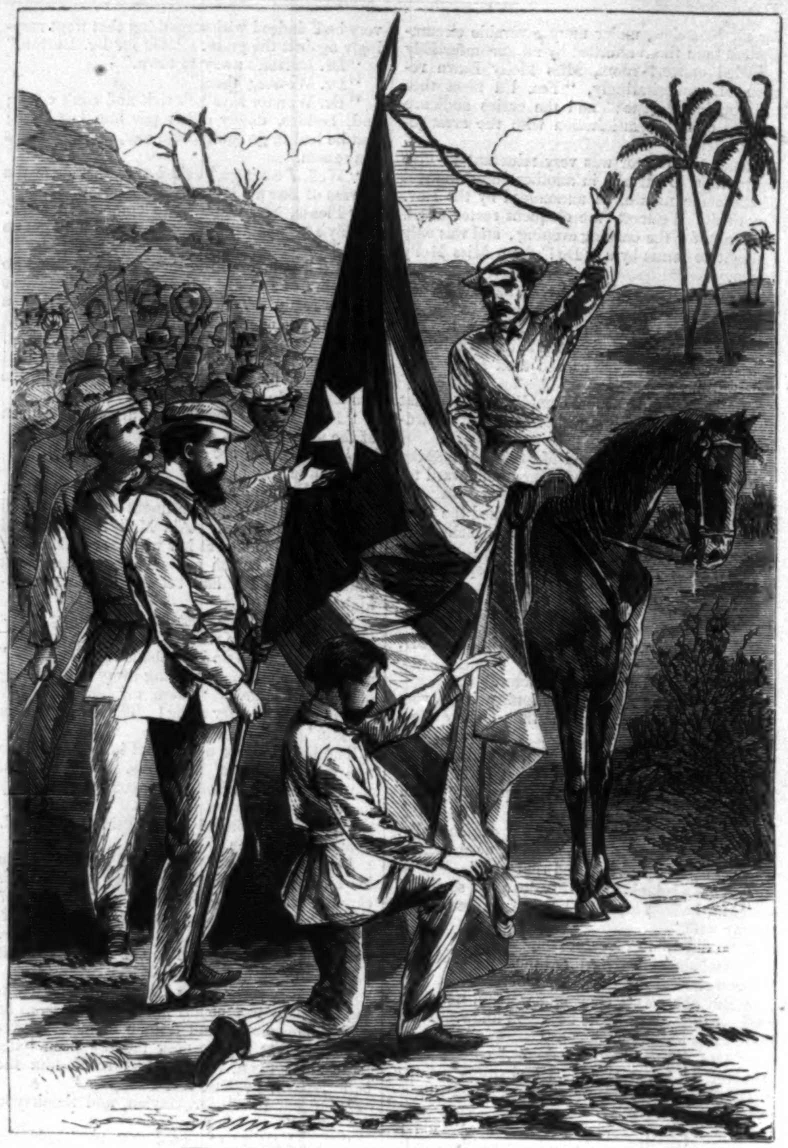
But, alas, for me, though clever
In the "cutter's" complex art,
For myself I labor never—
Is it strange I've lost all heart?

Is it strange these words impel me
To give way to bitter wrath?
How to cut my coat pray tell me—
But when I have got the cloth!

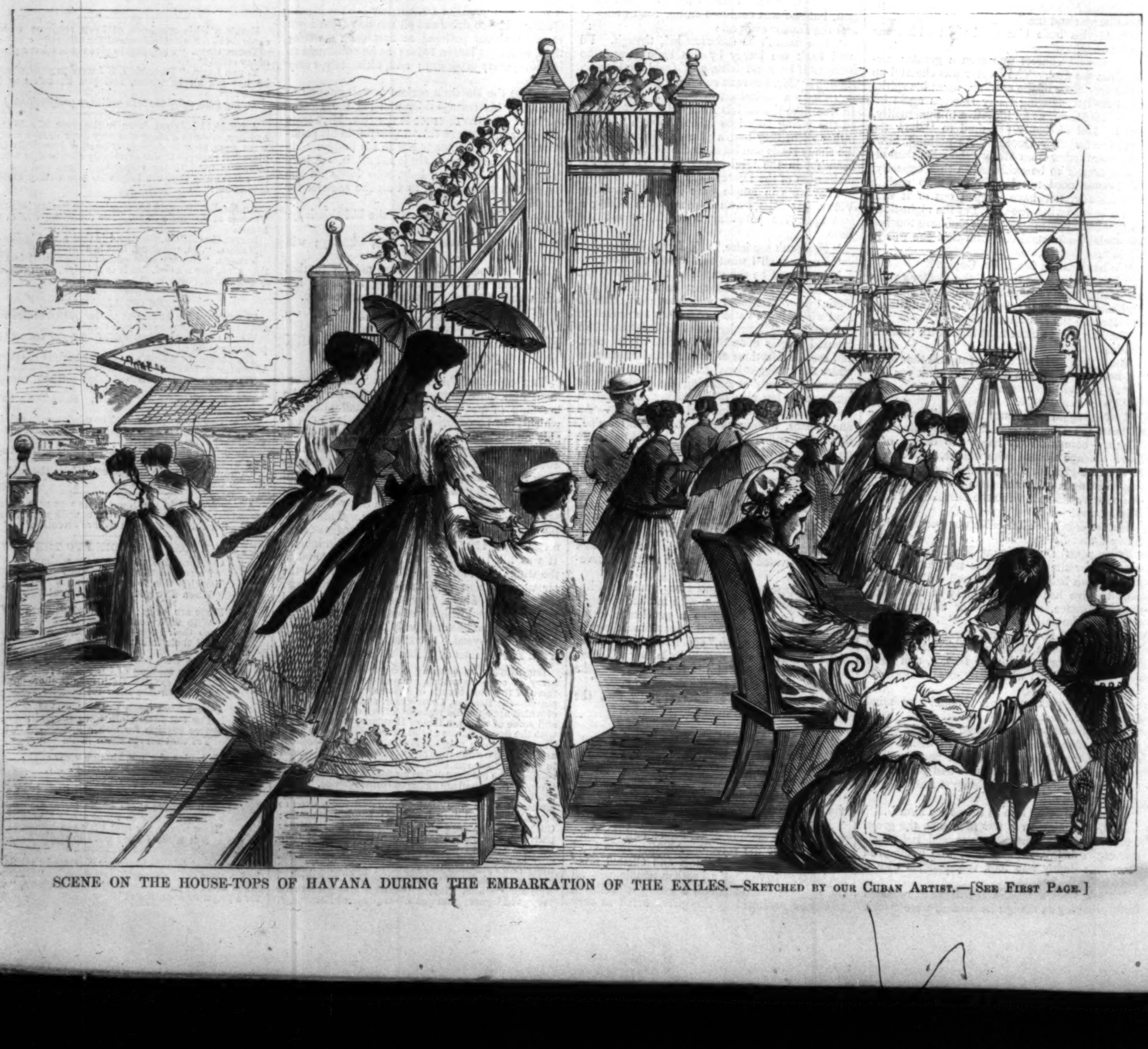
At a recent lecture Professor X. stated that Saturn had a ring six thousand miles broad. "Himmel!" Hans Zimmerman was overheard to exclaim, "what for a finger *he* must have!"



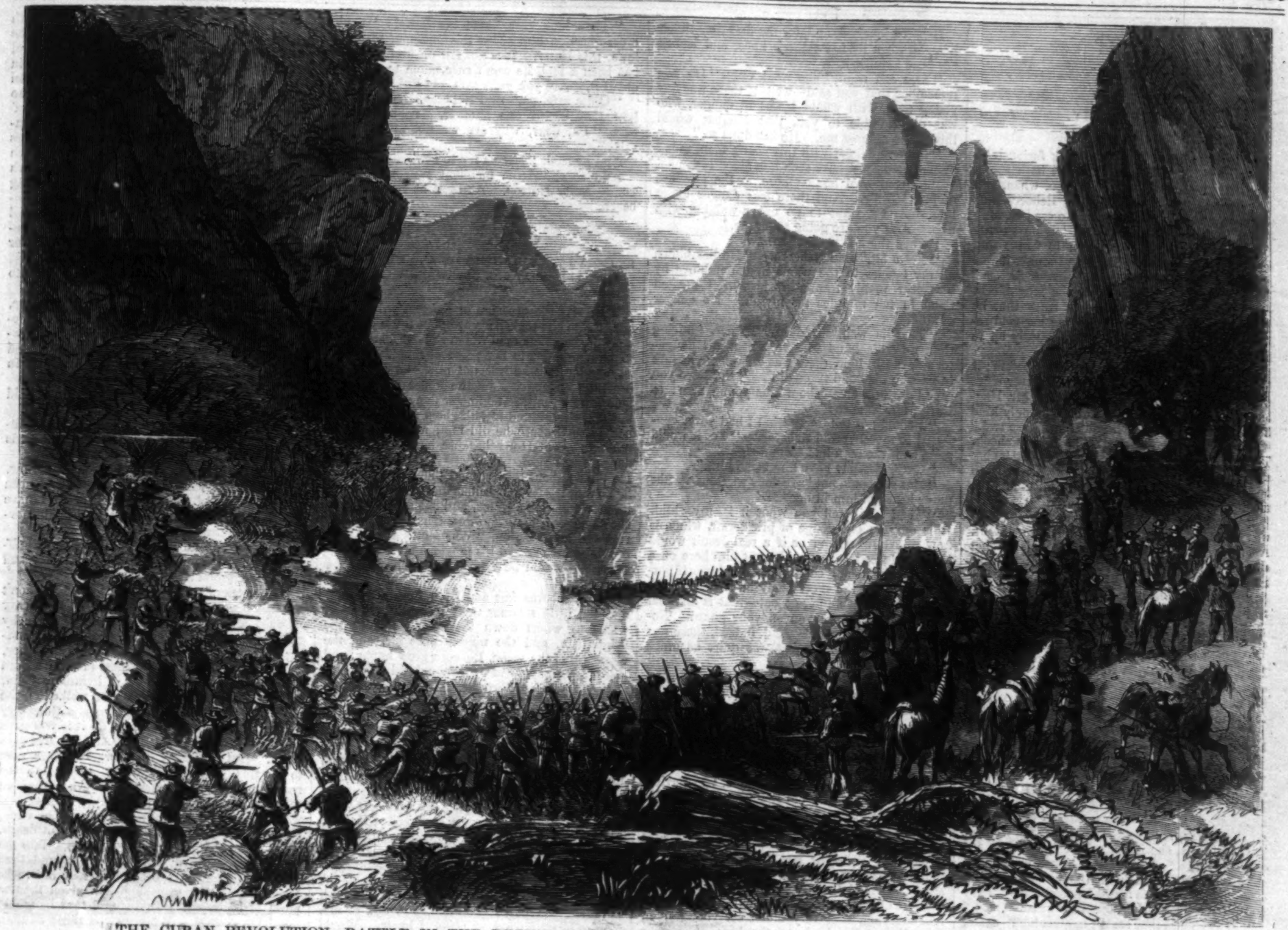
SENOR AGUILERA, CIVIL LEADER OF THE CUBAN REVOLUTIONISTS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]



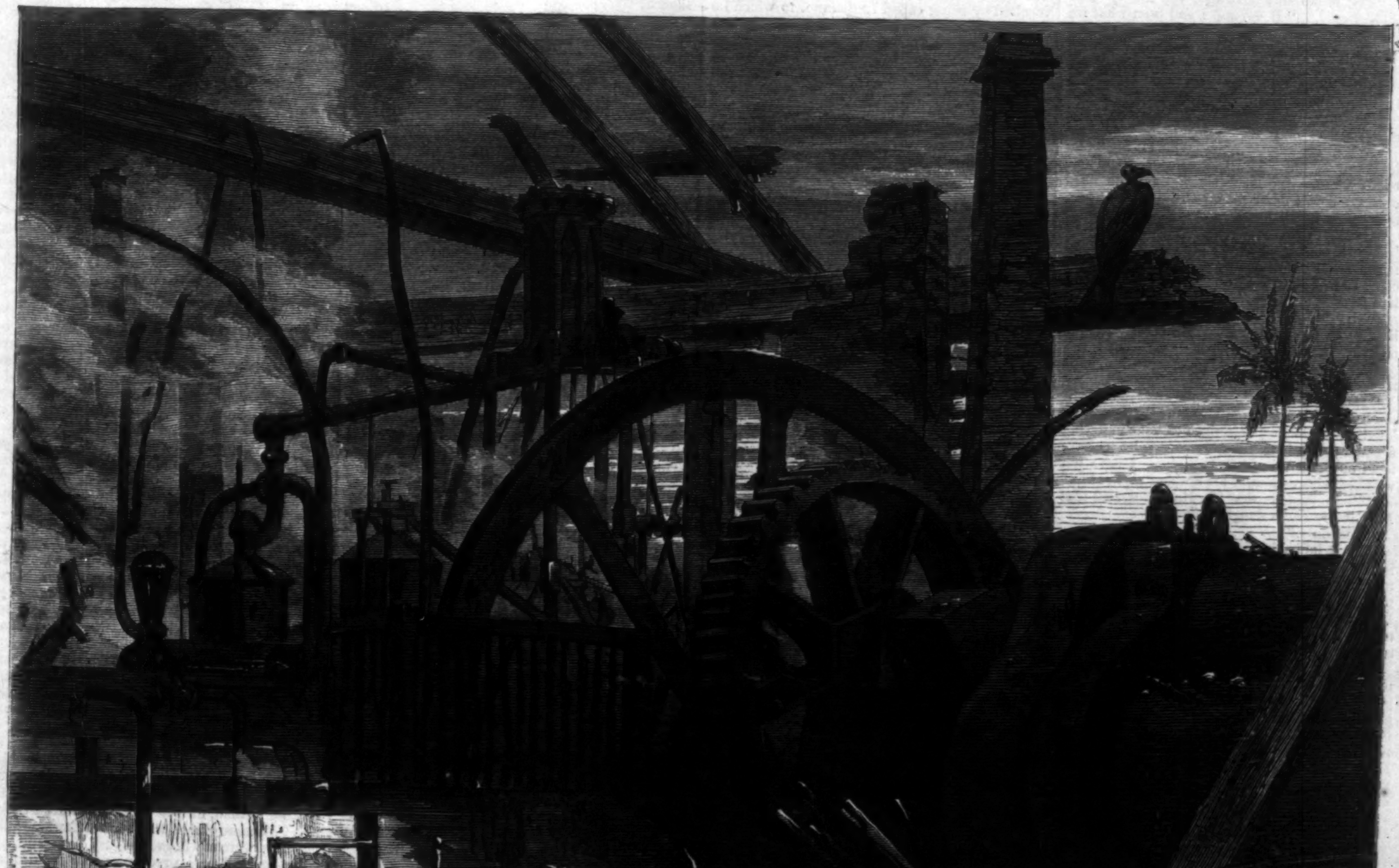
CUBAN PATRIOTS RALLYING ROUND THEIR FLAG.



SCENE ON THE HOUSE-TOPS OF HAVANA DURING THE EMBARKATION OF THE EXILES.—SKETCHED BY OUR CUBAN ARTIST.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



THE CUBAN REVOLUTION—BATTLE IN THE DEFILE OF THE PARDONES.—SKETCHED BY A CUBAN STAFF-OFFICER.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



CUBAN REVOLUTION—RUINS OF A SUGAR-MILL.—SKETCHED BY A STAFF-OFFICER.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XIV.

HARTOP.

Mab, the little dog, used to bark furiously at strangers in general, and regarded both Carry and Mr. Turner in that light. So, when, two days after the last conversation, Rebecca was told that there was a gentleman to see her, Mab barked all the way down stairs, but on getting to the sitting-room door began to whine and scratch joyously, so that Rebecca thought it was Mr. Morley.

But it was not; it was only the magnificent young sailor, Hartop. She was sorry that he had come; and, without perceiving her cold reserved air, he came frankly and joyously up to her, and took her hand.

"I could not get to you a moment before; I have been unloading all the day long, ever since we were in port till to-day. My uncle, Mr. Hagbut, suggested to me that it would be only kind if I were to come and tell you about those two."

Her father's words came on her with a shock. This, then, was the man selected by Mr. Hagbut as the one most likely to make mischief between her and her father. The man of all others the most dangerous.

"Yet how could he have known *that?*" It was indeed a puzzle, if it were not an accident. All this went through her mind so quickly that she did not keep him waiting for his answer. She said, promptly, "What two?"

"Why Mr, Morley and Hetty, to be sure," he replied, wondering.

"Then there *is* a Hetty?" said Rebecca, with animation.

"There was three days ago," he said, laughing; "and I think you will find a young person of her appearance, and claiming her name, walking about with her father in the Boopjes of Rotterdam this afternoon."

"She is a good sailor, I dare say," said Rebecca.

"It would be a queer thing for her if she wasn't," said Hartop, with another look of wonder. "But I didn't come here to talk about *her;* I should talk all the afternoon if I began about *her.* Do allow me to assure you that of all the pretty, innocent, little birds that fly over the tropic sea, she is the prettiest and most innocent: and of all the brave hearts which beat truest and most steady in the worst gale that ever blew, hers is the truest and steadiest. They will set you against her, but don't believe them."

"Why should they set me against her?" asked Rebecca.

"She broke through rules, you know," said he, seriously. "If she and I had been what we are now, I should most likely have been against it. But that was afterward. We won't talk of her; you shall judge her for yourself. Now I want to ask you to walk with me. Do come. It is the only civility I can show you."

"I will go and ask my father," she said, and so left him.

Mr. Turner was sitting alone in his bedroom, brooding in his chair, and hearing some one coming, caught up his Bible and bent his head over it: a fact made patent to Rebecca by seeing that he held it upside down.

"Father," she said, quietly, as soon as she had shut the door, "the young man you warned me of has come from Mr. Hagbut; and I have come to ask your leave to go out to walk with him for an hour or so."

"No!" cried Mr. Turner, shutting up his Bible. "Why, this is as good as a play. Tell me all about it. Who is he?"

"He is young Hartop, a sailor; Mr. Hagbut's nephew."

"Hagbut knows something against him, then, or—stay, let us condemn no man—he has calculated on my having objections to your marrying a sailor; that is it. Now, my girl, let us have it all out; there is more to come. I have not watched witnesses' eyes for nothing all my life."

"You remember that Mr. Hagbut denied that Mr. Morley had a daughter."

"Certainly."

"Well, he has such a daughter, and her name is Hetty; and this young man is engaged to be married to her. And he describes her as the most perfect being ever seen. I don't know how I know it, but I do know this—if any thing were to come between this splendid Hetty and himself he would be a lost man."

"Then you see my theory of her being disreputable, and of Hagbut's keeping her in the background to make a quarrel on the score of want of confidence between you and Morley, falls to the ground. I was under the impression that, if there were such a girl, Hagbut would advise Morley to keep her in the back-ground until you were well committed to him, and then reveal her disreputable existence by means of one of those savory old catamarans—vessels, I mean. But this theory falls to the ground now, if she is what the young man says she is. She can not have done any thing."

"She has done *something,* though, and something rather strong. Her own father hinted it to me, and her own devoted lover confirmed it. I don't want to know what it is, but the young man who is to marry her hoped just now that the good ladies, whom you so well describe as savory catamarans, would not prejudice me against her. He says she has broken through rules."

"I wish *I* could," said poor Mr. Turner; "but I am too old. Go on, Rebecca, we have had less than half at present. You have never got together evidence yet, my good girl, and so you can't tell by a witness's eyes whether the story is all told."

Rebecca laughed, and, for the first time in her life, sat down by her father's knee, and leaned her head against it.

"You are right," she went on. "Do you remember that you said—well, if there was any young man, with whom I was in danger, who was disagreeable to you, that Hagbut would throw him against me. He has done so."

"Is there danger with this young man, then? Where could you have seen him?"

"In your own house; here, in the presence of Mr. Morley. And there *was* danger about him. And I want to go out a-walking with him. And you are going to let me."

"Then there is no danger now?"

"Not a bit," said Rebecca. "He has blown all my fancies to the winds in ten minutes by his clear manly frankness, just as I created them in ten minutes for myself. No danger at all."

"That is well," said Mr. Turner, noticing that, now his hand was very near his daughter's beautiful hair, there was a strange pleasure in passing his hand through it. "But have you ever been indiscreet about this young man: to Carry, for instance?"

"I could not tell Carry what I had never confessed to myself," said Rebecca. "Yet it would seem as if the man had second-sight."

"Carry possibly gave him some hint."

"But she could not have done so, father. She never heard of him in her life."

"Then I will tell you what it is, my child. It is only an old dodge of priestcraft, which is now called Jesuitism; as if a real Jesuit would have made such a risk. He sent him here on a chance of confusing counsel, finding himself possible to make the most likely hash of matters, and pick his own interest out—that is all; but Mr. Morley has put you on your guard. Nothing more than that." And, indeed, there was nothing more; for Hagbut was quite as much fool as knave.

"Well, he has failed," said Mr. Turner. "Where is the young man? Let us see him."

Rebecca, rising, reminded her father that the young man had been waiting down stairs above half an hour; and they went to see him.

The young man, splendid as he was in beauty and stature, accustomed to bully all sailors and officials in every part of the globe, was terribly frightened at this dry old English attorney. He and Jack Hord (of Wilmington, U. S.; the New York branch of the family, lately enriched, call themselves Howard) had with their stretchers alone kept the boat free from the swarm of monkey-like Portuguese, nearly two hundred strong, gesticulating and showing knives, while the rest of their comrades were half-persuading, half-carrying, that very indiscreet young man, Cornelius Kelly, back to the boat; Cornelius not being in the least drunk, but having been insulted by being called Lutherano, to which he could only answer by howling, "Mono! Mono!" That had been a very dangerous disturbance, as dangerous a one as Belem Castle sees often in these peaceful times. Also this young man had been in other rows of a different kind. His strong lungs and his commanding presence had brought him into trouble before now. While he was in the service of a small house, in a screw steamer off the west coast of South America, he, noticing the barometer and the weather generally, had given orders to get up steam and put to sea, the captain being still on shore, and he dreading a gale. There was no gale, only an earthquake, and he proved clearly that the ship would have been thrown a mile inland if he had not given these orders; but the captain got him dismissed. In short, this young man Hartop had been in all kinds of trouble and bother, and had never yet shown himself afraid of any one. When his certificate was in question he was as bold and as free before the court as any man. But this dry old lawyer frightened him to death. For a guilty man is frightened before a lawyer, and a sailor hates and dreads one. I think a real sailor fears nothing but a lawyer. What must a guilty sailor feel?

And Hartop was a deeply guilty man. To the people he loved and trusted more than any in the world, to Hartop and Hetty, Mr. Morley had confided the fact that he was going to ask Rebecca to be his wife, if things looked in any way promising: and had at the same time begged them never to confide the fact to any human being. The poor girl must not be put in a false position again. So young Hartop, being full of kindliness and happiness, did not know how much his future father-in-law had said to Rebecca, and was under the general impression that old Turner was a Turk—with a large dowry ready, provided no indiscretion was committed—who knew nothing about the arrangement. And also this Turk was a lawyer, a creature worse than any Turk. So the young man, treading on molten iron, bowed down, terrified, before Mr. Turner.

Mr. Turner could not have known this, but he might have guessed it possible. He was happy, as far as he could be, but the chance of bullying a young sailor was too good to be lost. He did not reassure that young man at all.

"How do you do, Sir? My daughter informs me that you wish to take her out for a walk."

"If it met your views, Sir," said young Hartop.

"The question is, whether it meets my daughter's views?" said Mr. Turner grimly. "Our neighbors are censorious. But if she wants to go, she can."

"I do want to go, Pa," she said.

"Then get your bonnet on," he added, and followed her.

"Rebecca," he said to her, following her into her room, "there is no harm in that lad, my child. That lad is in love, and not with you."

"I know that," said Rebecca, cheerfully.

"Then look here," said her father; "don't cross-question him about this daughter of Morley's, this Hetty. It is not fair on him. If she has been a fool, he won't care much to tell you about it. Are you *quite* safe, old girl?"

"Quite safe, pa," said Rebecca. And somehow they kissed one another. And Rebecca said, "Pa, dear, why are we not always like this?"

And he said, "Let us try to be."

And so ended the incipient romance of the young sailor Hartop. At least as regards Rebecca.

CHAPTER XV.

REBECCA'S VOYAGE WITH HIM, AND WHAT THEY SAW, AND WHAT SHE SAW WHEN THEY CAME HOME.

This was the occasion of Rebecca's first voyage. And she took her voyage in the sole company of the young man whom she had considered to be dangerous to her peace of mind. And it is singular that he was not now—now that the brooding engendered by the house and by the lane were no more—no longer dangerous at all; but that she wanted to talk about Hetty, but did not do so because he did not; and that he did not talk about Hetty because he thought her a dangerous subject. For Hetty had broken rules. He talked about the sea, and about the wild free lands that lay beyond Limehouse. He asked her if she were a good sailor, and she answered that she supposed she was no worse than another, and repeated her question, "Was Hetty a good sailor?" and he repeated his previous mysterious answer, "It would be a queer thing, surely, if she were not."

The wind was free and fresh from the south, and the little steamer went fast and busy from wharf to wharf down the river. Under the bright sun, and the nimble pure air, and the changing of the scene, Rebecca grew happy, and showed her happiness by a thoughtful silence.

"Are you comfortable, Miss Turner?" said Hartop.

"I am more than comfortable. I am perfectly happy. I can not tell why, but it is so. It was wonderfully kind of you to bring me here. I have never seen any thing like this before in my life. This is most wonderful and most beautiful."

"It is as good as carrying the northeast trade over the line to hear you say so," replied Hartop.

Said Rebecca, "I wish we could go to some place where we could see which way the ship was going."

And so Hartop carried her to the front of the little vessel, and set her there. And she said, "Would you be so good as not to talk to me. You sailors smoke your pipes, I know. Would you kindly smoke yours now, and let me sit in silence?"

Hartop sat on the deck at her feet to leeward and smoked. The little throbbing boat carried them both past the wharves and the city toward the sea; she sitting in a Cashmere shawl like a figure-head. From time to time she said to him, "Are you tired?" and he said, "No. He was very happy. Why should he be tired?"

"Because you are not talking to any body," said Rebecca. "I don't wish to talk; and I am afraid that I am bad company."

"You are very good and comfortable company," said Hartop. "The worst mate of all is a sulky mate, and the next worst is a jawing mate. I took you out for pleasure, not for jaw. For instance, where were you when you spoke?"

"I was at the island of St. Borondon, in the Atlantic. The island where all things go right for evermore," said Rebecca. "Where were you?"

"I don't know that island," said Hartop. "For my part, I was crawling along in a fruit brig under Teneriffe, and thinking how Hetty got on in that short-chopping North Sea. Break your slate, you know, and tilt the fragment up in the window above the level of your eye, and you get Teneriffe. But lor, *you* can't dream what Teneriffe is. And still less Tristan d'Acunha. And still less the approach to the Australian shore. No man knows what that is till he has seen it. Did you ever see the west front of Wells cathedral?"

"No. Why?"

"Because it is like Madeira, on the Atlantic side," said Hartop. "But what can you know about islands? You have never seen any."

Rebecca had not.

"Islands are like cathedrals. Have you ever seen a cathedral?"

Only St. Paul's, it seemed, with a distant view of Westminster.

"Mr. Morley told us you had seen nothing," said this young man. "Now, islands and cathedrals are one and the same thing. They are the cathedrals of the wide, cruel sea, and God Almighty built them with his own kind hands. The cathedrals ashore were built by the priests: the cathedrals of the sea were built by God Almighty's own hands. Think of that, Miss Rebecca. And what is the object of a cathedral? Peace. I have sailed with all creeds, and they all ask for peace, and I tell them all that after the wild wandering sea you get peace on an island. I wish we could go to an island—us four together."

Rebecca was too far in dream-land to ask him what he meant by "us four." The river grew yet and yet more busy, and at last the tall masts in the pool came in sight, the nimble little steamer stopped, and Hartop aroused her by saying, "Will you go back now, or where will you go?"

"Take me on toward the sea, and let me be still," she said. And in a few minutes the dextrous Hartop had her on board a boat bound for Gravesend, and they throbbed along on their strange voyage once more.

As the ships grew larger and larger her eyes seemed to expand. Hartop looked on her with that strange reverential superstition which the highest class of sailor has toward a beautiful woman. The old sailors' fancy is that a ship in full sail, a field of corn, and a beautiful woman are the three finest things in nature; and the reason they will give you for this is, that all of these three things shadow out the hope of increase. For my own part, I know many less beautiful superstitions; but that part of it which relates to the beautiful woman was very much in bold Hartop's soul that day, as he sat looking stealthily at her, in the light of his future mother-in-law, thinking that she was really after all worthy of even Mr. Morley; and, moreover, turning over the wonderful fact that she had never seen Hetty in her life. *She* spoke at last.

"Are these the real ships that go down into the great deep sea?"

"Yes," he said, eagerly. "There they are, Miss Turner, ready for any thing, from Cameroons to Sydney. See that long-bodied, low-lying screw there. Very sister"—he succeeded in saying—"ship that Hetty was wrecked in two years ago."

"Has Hetty been shipwrecked, then?" said Rebecca.

Hartop looked at her wonderingly for an instant, but thought, "She knows nothing. It is for Morley to tell her."

"Yes, she has been wrecked three times now. That last time was the time when the Queen wrote to her and sent her the Bible. I have often laughed when I told her that I would never sail in the same ship with her."

"Wrecked three times!" said Rebecca, half-awakened. "Was Mr. Morley ever wrecked with his daughter?"

"Not likely," said Hartop. "The Lord don't cast his best tools aside like that. It is easy enough, Miss Turner, for a game and plucky girl like Hetty to stand on a cracking and bursting deck, with the cruel sea hurling around her, no hope of life, and keep a parcel of women from going quite mad, by singing of hymns to them, and by telling them of Christ who walked on the waters, as Hetty did; why, that is a thing any woman could do. You could do it if you gave your mind to it. Het did that, and Het is a brick. But she didn't do this. It took a man to do this. Mr. Morley went alone into the rowdiest drinking-house in the Nevada track in the old times in California. Taylor himself had warned him that he was a dead man if he went, for to refuse drink in that house meant death. Morley laughed at Taylor himself, went into the grog-shop, was challenged to drink, and then cast the liquor on the ground, and before he came out of that grog-shop had given them a piece of his mind. Taylor said that he would not have done it. What do you think of that, for instance?"

"I am all abroad," said Rebecca. "It would seem that Hetty is brave, but that Mr. Morley is braver."

"There is no man alive like Mr. Morley," said Hartop. "He don't know what fear is."

"Let us talk about these ships," said Rebecca, "and leave Mr. Morley to take care of himself."

So he told her all about them—where they sailed to, how strangely they leaped and plunged in their agony at sea, for all they were so still and silent now. This one had come from sliding on slowly and silently among towering icebergs, the one beside her was fresh from the palm-fringed quays of the Pacific. So he sat in her gentle loyalty and talked to her, she speaking seldom, but sitting wrapped in herself: he never tiring of talking to her and sitting near her. Little did she dream of the tie which bound him so closely to her; little did she know what sacred and deeply-loved being she was to him; how he and the two others had talked about her hour by hour; how deeply important she was to three people: one of whom she had never seen, one whom she had seen but twice, and a third she had scarcely seen half a dozen times. These kind souls had been preparing a home for her in their hearts, and she knew not of it.

It was only when he left her, very late, they having come from Woolwich by railway, at her father's door, that she appreciated how utterly she had lost herself. "I fear he will scold me," she thought, "and our new-made confidence will suffer;" but the maid only heard that he was busy, and that Miss Caroline was in her room. Somehow the company of this most excellent and most admirable Carry did not seem in any way to suit this young lady who had been wool-gathering in the moon all day; she took off her hat, and catching up her little dog walked slowly along the hall.

When she was nearly opposite her father's room-door she put down her little dog and took off her hat, letting her hair fall down by accident. Mab immediately began to run round and round, barking, after her tail.

The noise instantly aroused Mr. Turner, for coming out quickly and closing the door behind him, he found himself face to face, under the light in the passage, with a beautiful and noble-looking woman, draped nearly from head to foot in a Cashmere shawl, with part of her hair fallen down—a woman who looked very quiet, still, and calm, and whom he recognized, to his own astonishment, as his own daughter, Rebecca.

He had never realized her before. He had never truly trusted her before. There was something now in the calm, strong, gentle face which made him see an ally, an ally worth all the world. Mr. Turner had been something else before he had been converted, it seemed; for the first real word of confidence he ever uttered to his daughter smelled very strongly of the evil odor of the old Adam.

"Where the devil have you been all this time?"

"I have been down among the ships with Hetty's lover, Tom Hartop," she said. "I am very sorry, father; but I was so happy—"

"Hang Tom Hartop," said Mr. Turner, in a whisper. "Come in here, and hold your tongue. I want your help, child; take up your dog and nurse it—it will be an excuse for not talking."

"Hetty is brave, but Morley is braver," was what she thought. "Let me see what I can do." So she took up Mab, stilled her and passed in, to find two men in her father's room, whom she had never seen before.

The first her eye rested on was a gallant-looking young gentleman, Lord Ducetoy. She had seen a specimen of his class before, had been with one all day, indeed; so her eyes turned to the other. who was a man the like of which she had never seen before, and which, I hope, we may never see.

A noble-looking old gentleman. In his dress, in his hands, in his complexion, there was Gentleman written with no unerring hand. Yet sunk in a heap on a chair, with limp limbs, bowed head, and an appealing, whipped-hound look in his handsome face. She had never seen such a fine gentleman before; and she had never seen such a hopeless look of humble pleading woe. Mr. Spicer the sweep on Sunday, or Jim Akin the coster-monger, looked grander than he.

"My daughter," said Mr. Turner, as he brought in Rebecca. "Lord Ducetoy, Sir Gorhambury Townsend."

"You have brought in the young lady to put a stop to this conversation, I suppose?" said Sir Gorhambury.

"That is the case exactly," said Mr. Turner. But Lord Ducetoy and Sir Gorhambury, both heated, continued it.

"I never harmed you, Ducetoy. That protest from the bank only came from one of the rascally directors. Why should you serve me thus?"

"Because, uncle, as I have told you before, I do not desire that my plate, jewels, and bonds should go in the bankruptcy."

"And as I have told you before, the mere redeposit of them would just enable us to pull through. If the chattels and papers so long left in our hands were now deposited again, it would give confidence in quarters where we want confidence, and pull us through."

"Uncle, the utmost I will do will be to pay in £500, and not withdraw my account."

"I have never, I swear solemnly," said Sir Gorhambury, "done any thing to injure any human being. I worked hard at that bank, and we sold it for £200,000. Since then I have been living as a country squire. By my connection with religion I attracted deposits from Christian widows and orphans. It is not I only that am ruined, for my estates will not one half stand the drain on them. I could stand an almshouse myself (God knows, I wish I were alone with God in one now), but all these widows and orphans are to sink into poverty through their trust in me. I profess, and I ruin widows and orphans, all because my nephew refuses to deposit papers and jewels which would pull us through. And my poor son. Oh, my poor son! And so you won't pull us through as you might? The mere fact of your moving them to another banker's is ruin to us."

"I tell you, uncle, that I will not remove my account."

"Your account. Our only assets are your mortgages. These papers, you have moved them to another banker's. Where are they then?" said the old man, with his first flush of fire. Turner answered:

"Sir Gorhambury, the papers to which you allude are in a place which renders it unlikely that they will ever be used in a criminal court against any one. I am sorry to close the conversation in this way, but consider it closed."

Sir Gorhambury said not one word, but rose firmly and calmly, and walked toward the door. Lord Ducetoy said, "Good-night, uncle," but the old man never answered him. Mr. Turner was going to escort him to the door, when he suddenly found himself confronted by his daughter, with a candle in her hand, who boldly and firmly put her hand upon his chest and pushed him back. Saying, in a whisper,

"That is a broken man; he wants a woman with him." Turner bowed his head reverentially and went back. Sir Gorhambury went down stairs with Rebecca, holding the light.

"You have lost your money, Sir, have you not?" she said.

He answered, "Yes."

"A good many people who come here have lost their money," she said, briskly. "I wish I had lost mine; all the trouble I ever had in my life has been through the money my father is going to leave me when he dies, which will be the bitterest day of *my* life. Keep up your spirits, and laugh about it."

"You can not laugh after seventy, Madam," said the old man; yet she fancied that he walked out into the dim dark night more cheerfully for what she had said.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CONFIDENCE OF THREE.

When she came back Lord Ducetoy was walking up and down, and saying:

"It would have been perfectly monstrous for me to do what he proposed. I might have ruined myself, and gone to Canada again to help him; but to help an unlimited company?—no. You will continue your trust, for friendship's sake. Ah, here is my cousin. Cousin, if you were engaged to the finest girl in the whole world—who, I am happy to say, has not ten pounds—you would scarcely put a considerable part of your property into bankruptcy to please your uncle!"

"As I never was engaged to the finest girl in the world," said Rebecca; "and as I have no uncle, I can not answer the question, Lord Ducetoy. But it is supper-time, and I am very hungry; for I have spent most of the day among the ships down the river, in company with a very handsome young sailor; a man I am getting more and more fond of every time I see him—a young man who will be fairly in a position to marry after his next voyage."

If Lord Ducetoy had lived only in England he might have mistaken her. But he had been to the Westward, and had seen what pure and true gallantry may exist between man and woman, with the most entire freedom of innocent speech. Mr. Turner's brow grew dark when she said this. Lord Ducetoy laughed, and said, "You are bridemaid, then; and who is the bride?"

"Hetty Morley is the bride," said Rebecca, at supper, with her eyes wide open; "but what *she* is I can not conceive. She has done something extraordinary; has pulled down the pillars of the Philistines' temple in some way. But I want to speak about the old man whom I saw out. Be tender with him, you two. I mean my Lord, and Father."

"Believe me we will, Miss Turner," said Lord Ducetoy. "Believe me that we mean nothing else. He will never want for any thing he has been accustomed to till the day of his death. Tell my cousin that."

"Why do you call me cousin?" said Rebecca.

"Your mother was my first cousin," said he.

And soon after that she went away;—but her father told her not to go to bed. Lord Ducetoy said, when she had gone away,

"What a splendid creature! How have I angered her?"

"By mentioning your cousinship, my lord. In our case our family connection with yours has not been happy; the girl knows something of it, or her instincts have told her. And instead of harking back to the traditions of your order, or staying in the respectable mean of ours, she has cast herself into utter Radicalism, which has given me great trouble in my religious connection. The girl don't know a duchess from a dustman's wife."

"Well, I got the same way of thinking in the prairies," said the honest young fellow.

"Yes, there is no Radical like a young Whig," said Turner, with a sneer.

"I shall get it all knocked out of me as I grow up, then," said Lord Ducetoy.

"Undoubtedly," said Turner, suddenly and keenly, some old gleam of Puritan democracy flashing out irrepressibly. "In your class the metal never rings true. It can't. Every word you say is said with a view to excuse your order, to excuse its mere existence."

"We are afraid of your attacking our property, you see," said the youth; "you democrats are always holding that over us; that is what makes Tories. It is odd that a man like you, who have made so much money by the mere legal waifs and strays of our family property, should be a Radical. *I* am. I have land in Canada, and land in the United States; and, if you don't know it, I can tell you that society in New England is much pleasanter than I can find in this cockneyfied England."

Mr. Turner was not prepared with arguments. This young lord was mad. *At that time.* He would not be considered quite so mad now. The idea of a man of many acres, and high position, craving for the rest and peace of pure democracy was horrifying to him. His religion was tolerably democratic, certainly; but he had never reduced it to practice.

There was one thing he knew, however, and practiced too, which he had got from his religion—mercy.

Rebecca was waiting for him in his bedroom, and she began:

"What is the matter about that old gentleman?"

"I kept you up to tell you," he answered. "He and his brother sold their bank to a company, and retired on their property, leaving their accumulated property liable to the claims of the limited company; and his brother has died without any children; and the old man has left his eldest son in the bank; and both father and son, to keep things square, have forged names. They have forged my name among others; and I have got the forged papers in the house, and they know it. And I want to spare the old one if I can; but the young one knows I have his forgeries here, and he has set men on—for burglary, no less. If those papers were to go out of my hands and get into the bankruptcy which is coming, those two men, father and son, would go to Portland. If I were to remove the jewelry to another banker's it would be known, and bring on the smash sooner. And so it is all here, and you know it. Thirty thousand pounds are under that bed. So keep awake, and keep your dog awake. Give me a kiss and go to bed now."

THE SUEZ CANAL.

The sketches of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, given in a recent number of this journal, were intended to illustrate the most remarkable features of the New Overland Route between England and India—the Italian line, which shortens the sea-passage to Alexandria so greatly, compared with the Marseilles route, as to effect a valuable saving of time. We now present some illustrations of the Ship Canal across the Isthmus of Suez, from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, which bids fair to supersede the port of Alexandria for the Indian mail traffic, and to open a new way for the speediest direct navigation between Europe and all parts of Asia.

We believe the project is not entirely a modern one. According to Herodotus, the Egyptian King Necho, about 650 B.C., built a canal from the Nile to Suez, 105 miles long, and wide enough for two galleys. When Napoleon was in Egypt, in 1798, he requested his chief civil engineer, M. Lepère, to survey and report upon the practicability of a canal between the two seas. The only result of this was to give rise to a blunder which prevailed for a considerable time—the notion that there was a difference of 32½ feet between the level of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. But in 1846–47 a tripartite international commission was set at work, studying the relative levels and tidal amplitudes of the two seas and the Nile. In this commission Mr. Robert Stephenson represented England; France sent M. Talabot; and the Chevalier Negrelli acted for Austria. The result showed that the difference in the levels of the two seas was very slight.

M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, son of the French Vice-Consul in the time of Mohammed Ali, was intimately acquainted with Said Pacha, the late Viceroy of Egypt. M. de Lesseps is one of those men whose practical perception of the conditions of a great enterprise, with indomitable energy and perseverance to accomplish it, sooner or later conquers every obstacle. He suggested to Said Pacha, in 1854, the scheme of the Maritime Canal from sea to sea. The Pacha (who had not then assumed the title of Viceroy) took it up with alacrity; M. Lesseps came to Paris and London for the means. He formed a company, named the "Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez," which was to undertake the works.

The canal, with its ports at each end, when finished, was to be the property of the company for ninety-nine years, after which it would belong to the Egyptian Government. Meantime, that Government was to receive annually 15 per cent. of the traffic earnings. The tolls charged for passage were always to be equal for ships of all nations. The company was to take all the land wanted for the construction of the canal, and to quarry the stone for building free of cost. These conditions of the original agreement are still in force; but some other conditions, relating to the supply of labor by the forced service of 20,000 fellahs, or Egyptian peasants, ordinarily bound to work, by way of feudal tribute, on the Viceroy's estates, have since been altered; the company has also been deprived of the right of selling or leasing the lands ceded to it; and the Fresh-Water Canal, from Suez to Ismailia, and thence to Zagazig, which runs parallel with the intended Maritime Canal for half its length, has been sold by the company to the Viceroy. The share capital of the company is eight millions sterling, besides which four millions sterling have been raised on debentures, and nearly four millions paid by the Viceroy as indemnity for the non-fulfillment of conditions above-mentioned, and for the resumption of the lands and Fresh-Water Canal.

The Maritime Canal is to extend from the newly constructed artificial harbor of Port Said, on the Pelusian coast of the Mediterranean, to the port of Suez, at the head of the Red Sea. The length of the canal is not quite a hundred miles. Its depth throughout is to be 26 feet; its general width is to be 246 feet at the base, and 328 feet at the top of the banks, except in some portions of the line where it has to be cut through high ground; the width is here reduced to 190 feet at the upper part. There will be no locks on the Maritime Canal. Vessels will be able to steam through, or be towed through, from sea to sea in about sixteen hours. On leaving Port Said the canal enters Lake Menzaleh, through which the channel runs for twenty-nine miles. The waters of this lake are shallow, and the bottom composed of mud. Leaving Lake Menzaleh at Kantara, a station on the desert route between Egypt and Syria, the course of the canal for two miles lies through low sand-hills. It then enters Lake Ballah, traverses it for a distance of eight miles, and then enters a deep cutting extending from El Ferdane to Lake Timsah. Near El Guisr, four miles south of El Ferdane, the deepest cutting throughout the line had to be excavated, varying from 60 feet to 70 feet. The characteristics of the first half of the Maritime Canal are that about thirty-four miles of its course lie through lakes; the remainder through elevated plateaux. The second half of the channel, from Ismailia to the Red Sea, divides into two portions: in the first the canal skirts the eastern shore of Lake Timsah, and enters the cuttings at Toussoum and Serapeum; in the second it passes through the Bitter Lakes for twenty-four miles, goes through the last cutting at Chalouf, and enters the Red Sea a mile to the southeast of Suez.

On emerging from the Serapeum cutting the canal takes a central course through the Bitter Lakes. A large number of workmen are here employed; but when the water is admitted into these basins, little expense or labor will be needed to carry the canal through these twenty-four miles. These lakes will eventually be filled mostly from the Mediterranean. A channel with temporary locks will be constructed through these lakes. The canal then, passing out of the southern extremity of the lesser Bitter Lake, enters the last cutting at Chalouf.

On October 15, 1868, out of 96,938,066 cubic yards to be excavated and dredged, there remained 29,775,850 cubic yards to complete the undertaking. The present monthly out-turn of the dredging-machines insures the completion of the canal by the time promised—that is, by October 1, 1869. Manual labor is employed where the working level is above the reach of the dredges. The Lake Timsah is now transformed into a Mediterranean lake, nine miles in circumference. The water required to fill it was about 95,000,000 cubic yards. The Maritime Canal is actually made and opened from Port Said to Ismailia. The Fresh-Water Canal is open from Ismailia to Suez. A small vessel can thus already pass from sea to sea.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL ON A VELOCIPEDE.

The Emperor Napoleon is in the daily habit of walking half an hour every morning in the reserved portion of the gardens attached to the palace of the Tuileries. He is usually attended by General Fleury, his aid-de-camp. The Prince Imperial, with one of his play-fellows, a son of Dr. Conneau, a boy rather older, is frequently permitted to accompany his father. These young gentlemen have lately found a new amusement in the use of the fashionable bicycle, or two-wheeled velocipede, which the Prince has already learned to manage with tolerable ease and precision. Our sketch on page 236 represents a scene not uncommonly witnessed in the precincts of the imperial abode. The young prince takes the lead, of course, and delights his father with this display of his precocious skill. Dr. Conneau's son is rather behindhand in the favorite accomplishment of the hour, unless it be that he has already learned to be a courtier. The bicycle looks rather dangerous; but an attendant follows, who will catch either of the boys in case of a tumble.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Last week the city possessed some grand attractions—for ladies, the "Spring Opening," in which the fickle goddess Fashion displayed to eager eyes the novelties she has been able to devise; for gentlemen (who of course never waste their thoughts on such frivolous trifles as the cut of a coat or the style of a hat), the "Fowl Fair," or, more exactly, the first annual Fair of the New York State Poultry Society. Which exhibition was the finest may be a matter of opinion; the Fowls certainly made the most noise; but then they were in comparatively restricted quarters, the Empire Skating Rink having been fitted up for their accommodation—while the Fashions spread themselves along Broadway and many other streets *ad libitum*.

In number and variety, however, the birds could by no means equal the bonnets. These fairy-like things—the bonnets, not the birds, though plenty of birds were nestled on the bonnets—are, if possible, smaller than ever. Of course they must continue so while the present style of *coiffure* remains in vogue. Ladies wear their hair—*the* hair, we should have said—in such an expanded fashion that there is really no room on the head for any thing more than a bit of ribbon or lace, or a few flowers. In fact some of the prettiest bonnets are composed wholly of buds and blossoms; those who cultivate flowers might have a fresh bonnet every day, if they choose—a tasteful bouquet placed above the chignon is all that is necessary! A bow of ribbon, fastened with a white rose or a bunch of moss studded with rose-buds, is a pleasing variety! The "Bird's-Nest" hat has an entire bird's-nest in the centre, surmounted with a humming-bird. Wheat or grass, ferns, feathers, or almost any thing will make a bonnet nowadays—provided, always, that it *increases in expense* in proportion as it diminishes in size!

The contribution in aid of the great Musical Peace Festival now amounts to about $94,000. The opening rehearsal occurred last week, and more sought admission to the concert hall than could be admitted. All applicants were expected to register their names and the part they sang upon the enrollment books. Nearly eight hundred were enrolled the first evening, and it was quite evident that the chorus was both capable and enthusiastic.

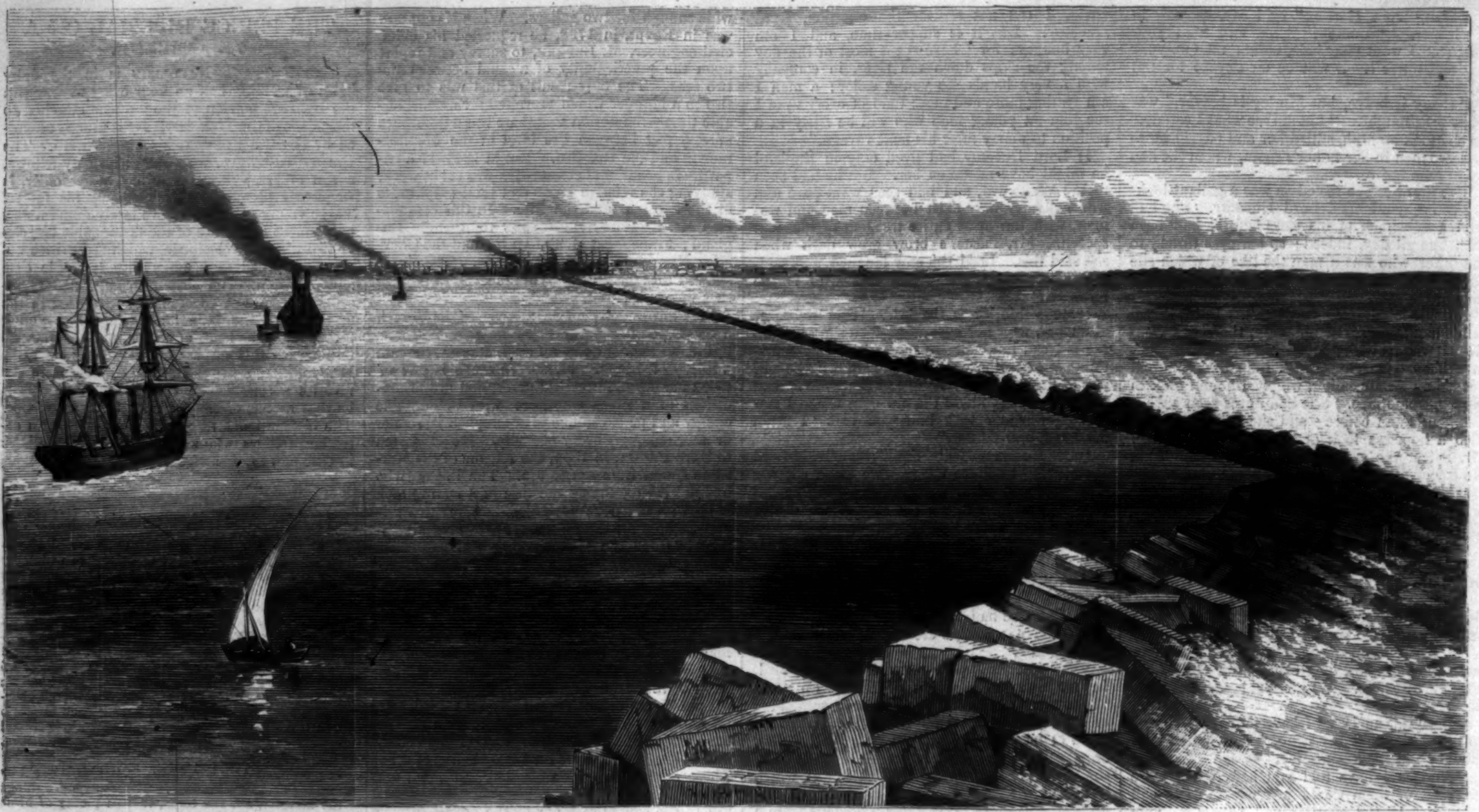
"Sorosis"—the original New York Society—has celebrated its first anniversary. During the year there have been nineteen regular club meetings, most of these having been held at Delmonico's. At intervals between the regular meetings there have been informal gatherings for social intercourse at the houses of members. According to the report of the Society it now has eighty-three members in "good and regular standing." "Sorosis" believes that, having contrived to thrive for a twelvemonth, those who were doubtful of its success will now "revise their opinion of women."

Successful robberies have been going on at the Mercantile Library for several weeks past. About a thousand dollars' worth of valuable books have been stolen. The thief, however, has been discovered, and has made a full confession of his *modus operandi*. Being a subscriber he obtained permission to take books to the reading-room, and after their perusal would coolly put them under his arm and walk away. The volumes were always valuable ones, and he readily disposed of them to different dealers. The responsible employés of Libraries will be likely to be more on their guard hereafter.

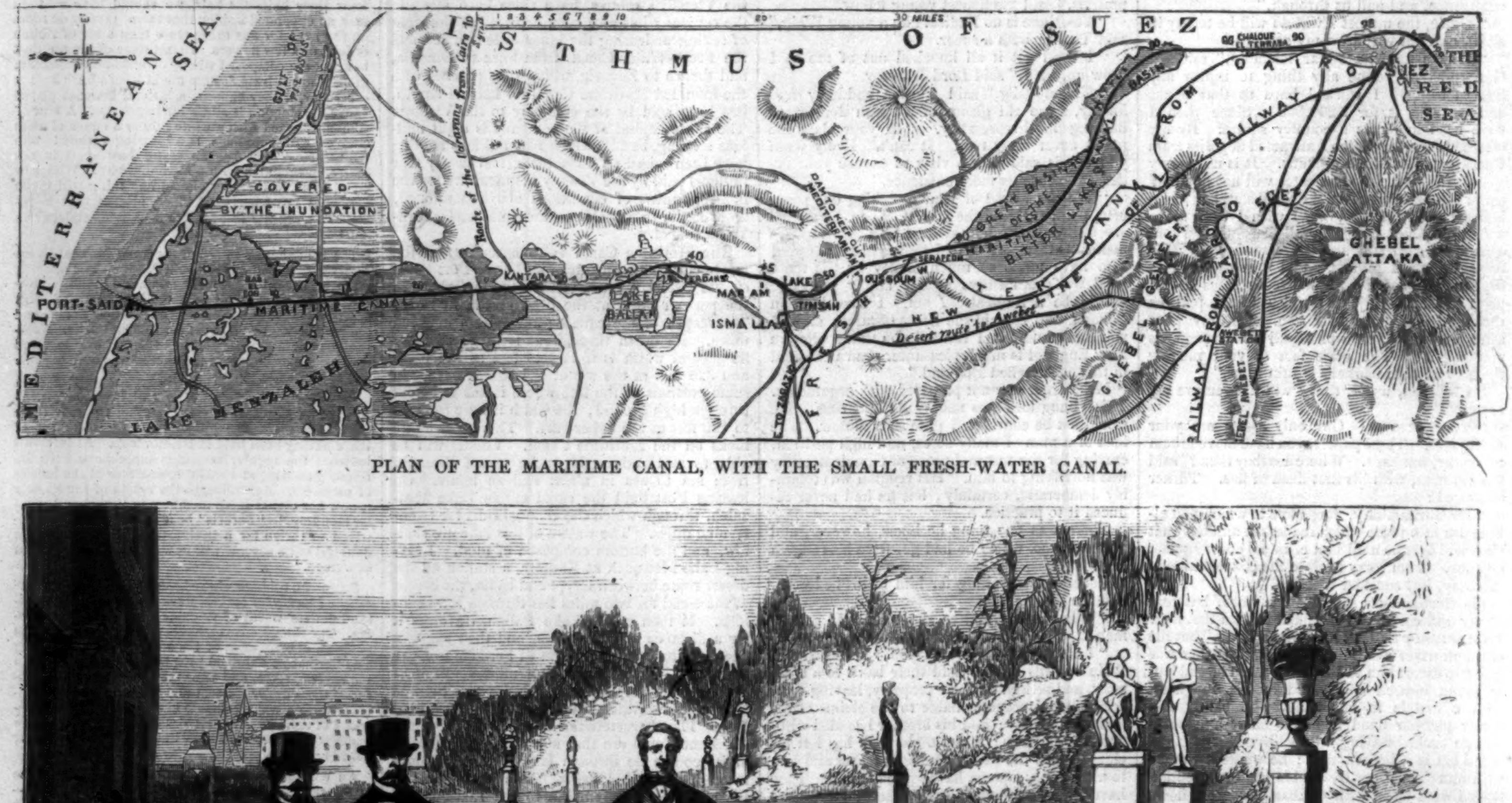
An earthquake is apprehended in Oregon, as the latest reports are that three volcanic mountains—Hood, Jefferson, and Three Brothers—are sending forth volumes of smoke.

It appears to be highly dangerous for ladies while shopping to take up an article in their hands for the purpose of comparing it with another in the shop. A respectable lady was recently arrested, and committed to the Tombs for innocently doing this thing. A vase on a show-case attracted her attention, and seeing another one at the end of the show-case, she started toward it with the first one in her hand, for the purpose of comparing the two together. Before reaching the spot a clerk came around the counter, and in a rude manner said, "I know you; you are one of these shoplifters," and immediately a policeman was called in, and she was dragged off like a common felon. It was not until the next day that her friends discovered her distressing situation, and she was released. It is well for ladies to be cautious lest they expose themselves to such quick-handed justice.

A large and enthusiastic meeting in favor of Cuban independence was held last week at Steinway Hall. In the course of some interesting remarks Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said that if Cuba ought to be governed by any other nation, Spain is the last country that ought to do it, because she knows the least as yet how to govern. Spain has not learned yet what France has not learned, what Italy and England and Turkey have not yet learned—ay, what America has not learned—what God did not mean that any body should learn: How to govern a foreign people that are able to govern themselves. M. Paul du Chaillu gave some account of the Spanish penal settlement of Fernando Po, where political prisoners have been sent to languish and to die. Fernando Po is an island situated on the western coast of Africa, in the Gulf of Guinea. Though picturesque and beautiful, the climate of the place is terrible. The deadly malaria causes fever from which few unaccustomed to the climate recover. The heat is intense, and the rains are heavy and continuous.



THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ MARITIME CANAL—BREAKWATER AT PORT SAID, AND MEDITERRANEAN ENTRANCE TO THE CANAL.—[See Page 235.]



ISTHMUS OF SUEZ
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
GULF OF PELOUS
COVERED BY THE INUNDATION
PORT-SAID
MARITIME CANAL
LAKE MENZALEH
Route of the Caravans from Cairo to Syria
KANTARA
LAKE BALLAH
MAR AM
ISMALLA
LAKE TIMSAH
DAM TO KEEP OUT MEDITERRANEAN
TOUSSOUM
SERAPEUM
GREAT BASIN OF THE BITTER LAKES
MARITIME CANAL
BASIN
FRESH WATER CANAL
NEW LINE OF CANAL FROM CAIRO
Desert route to Aweket
GHEBEL GENEEFEH
RAILWAY FROM CAIRO TO SUEZ
RAILWAY
CHALOUF EL TERRABA
SUEZ
RED SEA
GHEBEL ATTAKA
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 20 30 MILES
40
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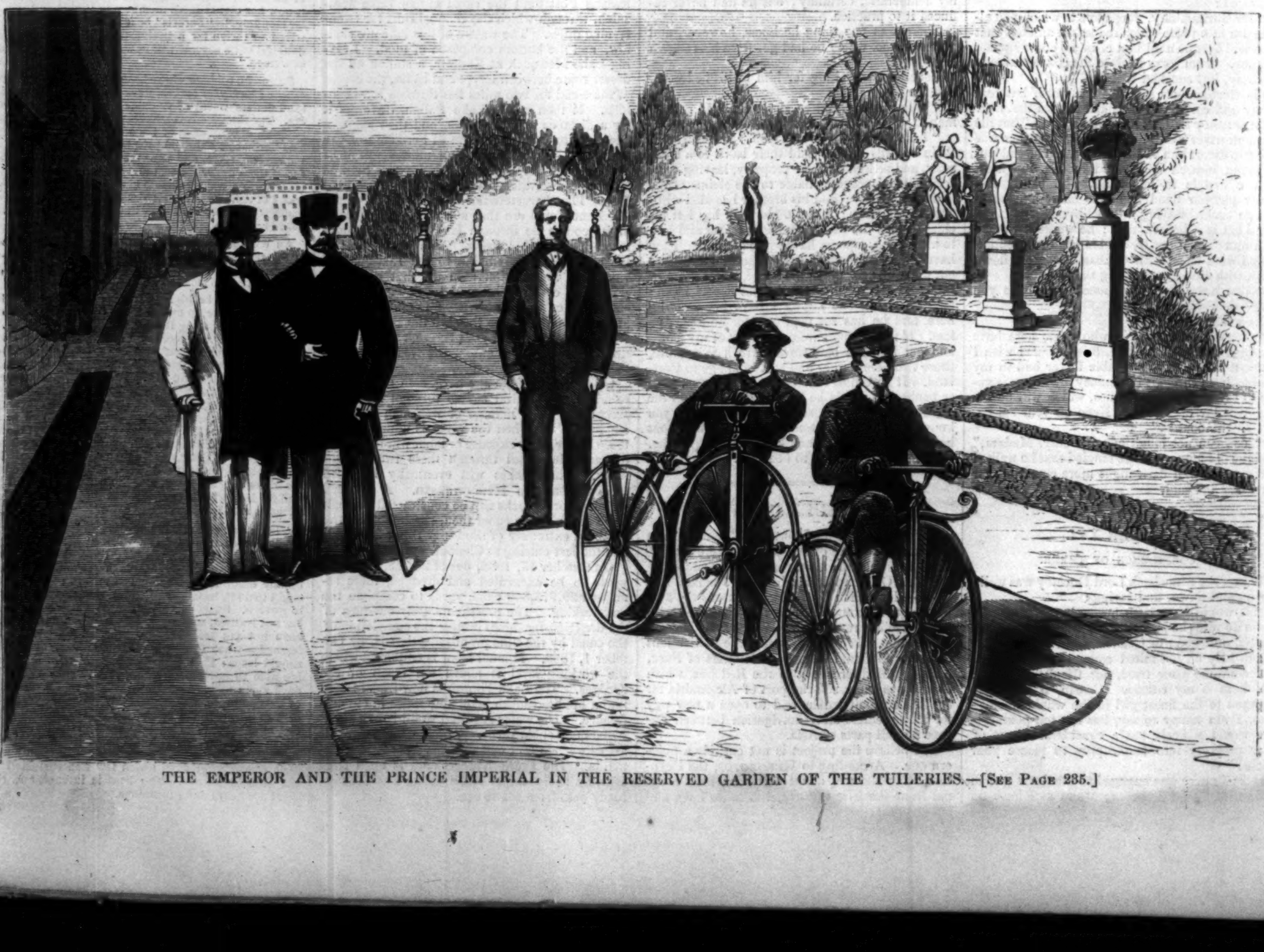
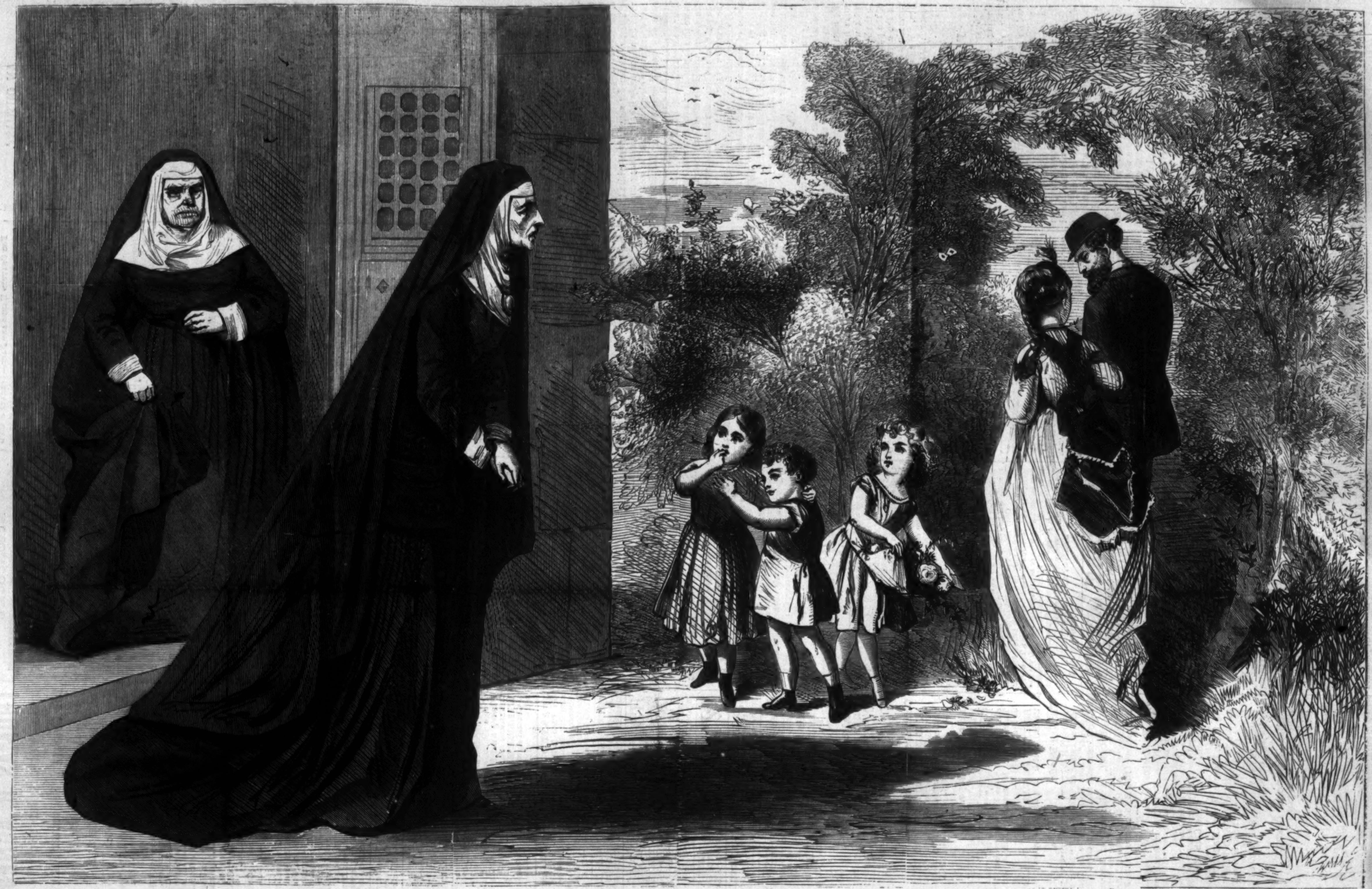
98

PLAN OF THE MARITIME CANAL, WITH THE SMALL FRESH-WATER CANAL.



THE EMPEROR AND THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN THE RESERVED GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.—[See Page 235.]



THE OUTCAST FROM THE CONVENT.—[See Page 238.]

AN OUTCAST.

See Illustration on page 237.

I.

WORKERS in veins of the eternal granite,
Far in deep quarries, void of light and air—
Rocks that appear coeval with the planet—
Have found, they tell us, living reptiles there.

II.

When the rude axe a sudden fissure splinters,
When the keen sunshine cuts him like a knife,
How must a sleeper of a thousand winters
Shudder to feel again the pulse of life!

III.

Reptiles are dull: but woman's heart is tender;
Trifles are torture to her warm white breast.
Ay, and her sisters pitilessly rend her,
Having for torture far too keen a zest.

IV.

Lo the poor nun, a foolish feeble dweller
In sordid convent, from the world afar!
Cruel her fate when harshly they expel her—
Driving her forth beneath an evil star.

V.

What is she fit for, in a world so busy,
Where even the strongest often slip and fall?
Well may her brain become perplexed and dizzy,
Leaving behind the convent's guardian wall.

VI.

No part has she with merry-hearted maidens
Gayly advancing through the gates of life,
Each soon to hear the prothalamion's cadence,
Each soon to know what 'tis to be a wife.

VII.

No part has she in all that love and duty
Which are the crown of happy matronhood:
Hers may not be the faithful mother's beauty:
Hapless her fate—unwedded and unwoo'd.

VIII.

Where can she any safe retreat discover?
Where can she hide her sorrow and despair?
Shall she know rest until the grass grows above her
In the dark coffin? She may find it there.

GOOD TEETH.

CIVILIZATION makes sad work with our teeth. Savages are rarely troubled with a defect or an ache in their dental apparatus. It is not hot drinks which destroy them prematurely, not warm food so much as acids, too concentrated in vinegar, pickles, etc., which acts directly upon the lime in their composition, and thus crumbles down.

The foundation for sound, firm, white teeth, must be laid in early life, by subsisting on food that contains the elements which the teeth must have or they will be imperfectly formed, feeble in structure, and fall early into decay. If wheat flour were never bolted, but eaten with the bran, as we find it partially in the Graham bread, then the system would be abundantly provided with the phosphate of lime, the essential ingredient in the formation of the teeth.

Butter contains a good proportion of the phosphate of lime, and hence those who consume much of it furnish from that source a supply for keeping their teeth in sound condition. Children are usually lovers of bread and butter, especially if they are habitually fed on white fine bread. In that way they obtain something for their teeth, but by no means enough. The coarser the food, especially bread, the better for young people. The soundest teeth belong to persons who have not been reared on delicacies. Poor teeth become hereditary, simply because the ancestral stock was deprived, either by a perverted taste or the habit of feasting on rich concentrated diet, of the phosphate of lime which nature provides in the coverings of grain used for food, and in some kinds of flesh on which carnivorous animals live. We can not have sound teeth unless the stomach has the right materials for their manufacture.

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6. Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye.
5. Not for Joseph.
4. Blue Eyes.
3. We'd better Bide a Wee.
2. Won't you Tell me why, Robin?
1. Captain Jinks.

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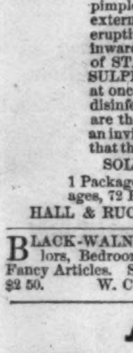

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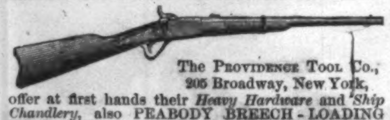

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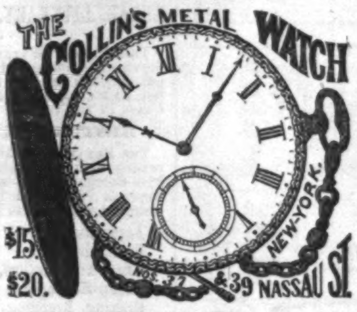

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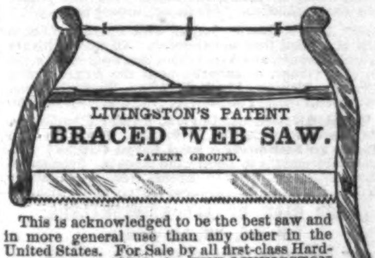
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